*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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## AN IMPENDING DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE interest of the American people in the world war now raging has been intense, but it has been chiefly centered upon its military events and its probable political consequences. There is, however, another aspect of it of far greater significance for the future well-being of our country, namely, its effect upon our economic prosperity.

For more than a year the normal course of all international trade, both as regards exports and imports, has been interrupted. The activity of the most completely organized producing and distributing mechanism that has ever existed, the German Empire, though intrinsically unimpaired, has been completely arrested. Its factories have had no outlet, its mercantile marine has been temporarily imprisoned in its home ports or interned in the harbors of neutral nations, and its entire economic life, in so far as it was a world influence, has been almost totally suppressed.

We may not at first thought fully appreciate the full significance of this situation, or of the results that must follow the termination of it. To do so we must first attempt to realize the character and magnitude of the productive and distributive agency thus put out of commission. A population of more than sixty-five millions has suddenly been practically insulated,—a population in which the individual is more completely subordinated to the central directing control of the



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State than any that has ever existed in any period of history, and in which organization has been carried to a degree of perfection never before realized. Supported by feudal traditions that bind the individual to absolute obedience to his overlord, and subjected to a military discipline that permeates every activity of life, the Empire is in effect an industrial, financial, and commercial unit, in which all its resources, all its energies, and all its purposes are subject to the command of one central authority.

The mines, the forests, the railroads, the wonderful waterways that render inland cities practically sea-ports, the banks, the factories, the great harbors, the extensive oversea shipping,—all these are so related, so centrally controlled, and so intimately directed, as to constitute closely correlated and mutually co-operative organs of the State.

All this splendid organization, industrial, commercial and financial, whose elements are so skillfully compacted, has been constructed for the purpose of conquering the foreign markets of the world. The results have tested its efficiency. In 1870 Germany controlled 7 per cent; in 1890, 10 per cent; and in 1910, 18 per cent of the world's commerce. From 1870 to 1911 German exportations increased from 1,300 to 8,100 million marks. In 1911 the conquest of the European market seemed definitive. In that year Germany's exportation in Europe reached a total of 6,100 millions of marks, while that of Great Britain was only 4,500 millions of marks. In the production of iron Germany had advanced to a proportion of 20 per cent of the world's output, as against 18 per cent for England; and had almost equalled the production of England in coal, claiming 20 per cent, as against 26 per cent, of the world's output.

If we inquire into the causes of these advances, we shall find that the primary cause was the absolute State control and direction of the industrial, commercial, and financial processes by which all the forces of the Empire were brought to their highest possible efficiency.

The methods employed were, first, personal and economic infiltration. Without ceasing to be German, the Germans went everywhere. In France, in England, in Belgium, in Italy, in the Orient, in South America, not to mention the United States, Germans sought and found the control of markets. By an extension of their banking system to every part of the world, by offering long credits, by a close study of lo-

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cal needs, and the exercise of infinite pains in supplying them, serving every people in its own language and in conformity with its own tastes, this process of infiltration was gradually winning in the conquest of the world market.

To promote it no sacrifice was deemed too great. In war it is expected that victory will cost a certain loss of life. For the sake of ultimate triumph the State is ready to make this sacrifice. Why not then incur temporary losses for the sake of final victory in the bloodless battle of commercial supremacy? More than any other people the Germans were prepared to do this, and did it cheerfully. The same products of iron that in Germany itself sold for 120 marks a ton sold in England, South America, and the Orient for 103 to 110 marks, and in Italy for 75 marks. Where this process of "dumping" was too stoutly resisted by formidable competitors agreements as to price or a division of territory were proposed to them, and thus at least a partial success was obtained. "The Central Verband of Düsseldorf," writes an eminent Swiss authority, speaking of the situation before the war, "controls the iron market in Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Belgium"; and he foreshadows its extension until Germany, outside of England, is complete master of the world market.

An important factor in the acquisition of this ascendency has been the system of protection to German industries, agrarian and manufacturing; and especially the net-work of deftly calculated commercial treaties based on advantageous concessions from an otherwise prohibitive tariff.

It cannot be doubted that in Europe generally, and in France, Russia, and England in particular, serious apprehension of an ultimate Germanic dominance in the economic world has been felt; but for nearly a decade a still more serious foreboding of ultimate failure on the part of the Germans themselves has been entertained. The reasons were manifold. The increased standard and cost of living in Germany produced by general industrial prosperity was perceived to be more and more difficult to maintain. The revival of enterprise in England, which has recently resulted in a considerable superiority in the extension of trade, the growing competition of other nations, the unexpected obstacles to a long hoped for commercial expansion in the Near and the Far East and the prospective ultimate exhaustion of the German mineral resources, together with certain political

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events, combined to create a feeling of depression in Germany. The wonderful march of the Empire toward industrial supremacy seemed in danger of being checked. But the dream of commercial conquest was too dear to be abandoned. The glory of it made every impediment to its realization seem an evidence of intentional hostility. Germany, it was believed, had been denied her rightful place in the sun. She conceived herself encircled by enemies bent on her destruction. She must, therefore, obtain new resources, beat down her rivals, enlarge her borders, open new paths to international prestige and new markets for her products. The industrial machine she had so skillfully constructed must somehow be kept going, or ruin was believed to be in store. To what end had her great military power been created, if not to protect this economic mechanism? The existing conditions seemed to her to demand of the Empire a supreme struggle for existence. Was it not forced upon her by her rivals? That was undoubtedly the belief of the German people.

## II

It is not my intention to comment upon the place this feeling of necessity may have held among the causes of the war. It is certain that if appearances in July, 1914, had proved to be realities, the German mastery of central Europe would now be an accomplished fact. The struggle has, however, developed into a far more gigantic contest than was expected. Still the great industrial-commercial mechanism of the German Empire is essentially untouched. Its activity is for the time arrested, but its integrity as a producing agency is thus far unaffected. When peace is re-established, unless that mechanism should in the meantime be greatly impaired, of which there is no immediate prospect, it will only require to be set in motion to become almost as effective as before.

Some day this mechanism will be in full operation. But under what circumstances? That is a question which at present it is impossible to answer. We can, however, consider two alternatives, either of which furnishes occasion for reflection. On the one hand, by the retention of Belgium and Poland the German Empire might find itself possessor of greatly increased mineral resources and a considerable augmentation of agricultural land, in addition to valuable seaports and a strategical position of dominating strength in

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Europe; or, on the other, it might be found impossible to retain any of the conquered territory, and retirement behind the previous frontiers might be forced. But unless the military power of Germany is completely broken, its soil invaded, and its people reduced to a defenseless position, the economic mechanism will still remain intact. In the utmost extremity that can at present be considered probable, it will remain practically unaffected. The population may be reduced in numbers, but even with serious losses it is probable that not less than sixty-odd million people, including representatives of every branch of industrial life, will survive the termination of the war. Whatever, therefore, may be the consequences of the present conflict, when peace is finally declared the economic energies of Germany will soon afterward be restored to activity, with a degree of efficiency that will have to be reckoned with. Confining ourselves to actual facts, at the present moment about four-fifths of the iron and steel industries of France and about three-fifths of the French coal supply are said to be in the possession of the German armies, besides practically the whole of Belgium, long regarded as the workshop of Europe. It is perhaps less widely known that Warsaw, about which the battle in Poland has so fiercely raged, is noted for its iron ore, and that Riga and Libau are centers of the great iron and steel industries of Western Russia.

If the military preponderance of Germany in those regions should be maintained, that fact would give to the economic question a still greater and more portentous significance; but of that it is not my purpose here to speak.

Confining our attention for the present to the industrial-commercial aspects of the international situation at the end of the war, we may inquire what will be the effect of the reentrance of the German productive and distributing mechanism into the sphere of world industry and commerce? While the former efficiency of this unique combination of energies and control will, as it would appear, be but little impaired, its field of operation will be radically changed and effectually restricted.

The raw materials of manufacture will not be wanting, for the temporary closing of the German ports has been a misfortune to neutral nations which will cause them to hail with satisfaction their reopening. The factories are still standing, the operative and directing forces will be available, and

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there will be no hindrance, unless perhaps a temporary demand for capital, to their resuming their activity. But the stringency of capital will not deter the Empire from employing its means of recuperation. Its debt will be chiefly to its own people. Its imports of raw material will be paid for as needed by its manufactured exports. The standard of living may be, and probably will be, lowered; but no people is better prepared to develop strength in adversity. The industry, the frugality, the thrift, and the spirit of endurance of the German people will not be found wanting under any pressure of necessity. No people can more bravely pursue the path of personal sacrifice. They will be obliged to live and work as they can, but they will live and they will work. The great productive and distributing machine will be again in motion, with long hours of labor, hard economy in living, intelligent technical control, mutual support by all the factors of production, and the incessantly watchful direction of the State.

Of all this there can hardly be a doubt. But what of the disposal of this enormous quantity of manufactured commodities? Where are they to find a market? The supply will be redundant, but what of the demand? The great merchant vessels will again plow the deep, but whither will their prows be directed?

The German colonies are not likely to be restored. The acquisition of new ones is not a promising venture. To the populations of England, Russia, France and Italy,—which with the United States have been the chief markets of German products,—the mark " Made in Germany " will not for a generation at least be a recommendation. Although England is a free-trade country, she and her colonies will find means to exclude the manufactures of Germany for a long time to come. Already last September delegates of France and Italy met in the Villa d' Este on Lake Como and developed an *entente* to prevent the future trade of Germany in these countries and to work together industrially, commercially, and financially. The expected expiration of the German commercial treaty with Russia in 1917 has now been anticipated by the state of war. Even before the war began it was understood that Russia would not accord to Germany the tariff advantages of the then existing treaty, which were very great. What the loss of Russian trade means to Germany is evident when it is remembered that about 1,400 million marks worth of German goods were imported into Rus-

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sia in 1913, or 52.7 per cent of Russia's total importation. The loss of the English market is of even greater importance, for Great Britain was in 1912 Germany's largest customer, taking, chiefly for redistribution, more than all the Americas together.

The exports of Germany, which consisted chiefly in manufactured articles, in 1913 amounted to $2,521,800,000, or about 10,500 million marks. With the British, Russian, Italian, and French markets practically closed to German products, where is this enormous output, or even a considerable percentage of it, to find a market? This must be sought chiefly in the neutral countries, of which the United States has the greatest capacity of absorption.

Must we not then look forward to an unprecedented pressure upon the assimilating possibilities of the United States, accompanied by all the devices for winning a market which ingenuity can suggest,—low prices, long credit, expert agency activity, in short, wholesale "dumping"?

Such an event might rejoice the hearts of those who accept the doctrine of "a tariff for revenue only," but what of its effect upon our own industries, not to speak of our foreign trade in manufactured articles? The narrowing of the channel increases the force of the stream. There would be for us to contend with not only the general revival of industry in all the countries now at war, but this most formidable of all contestants, driven by exclusion from other markets to force itself into ours, at the cost of great sacrifice no doubt, but under the pressure of a relentless necessity; for the productive and distributive mechanism of the German Empire simply *must* be kept in action, or Germany will fail as an industrial country, her population will become discontented, emigration will follow, and the scepter of industrial supremacy which she has sought will pass to other hands.

In Germany itself there is nothing novel or doubtful in this assertion. Writing in 1913, Dr. Karl Helfferich, director of the Deutsche Bank, and at present Imperial German Minister of Finance, declared:—

> With the negotiation of treaties for securing the interests of our commerce and shipping, we have not been, and dare not be, satisfied to stop. Our dependence upon foreign countries, the counterpart to the great advantages derived by us from having taken our place in world-economy, calls for stronger counterpoises. Such a counterpoise can be created by German enterprise and German capital es-

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tablishing a field for their activity beyond the borders of our own country, and thereby gaining a direct influence over foreign territories that may be important to us as sources of supply and as markets. This can be done in an effectual way by acquiring oversea colonial possessions; for in such a case economic influence is secured and strengthened in the most effective manner possible by political domination. In so far, however, as this way is limited or barred up altogether . . . our end must be reached by means of a far-sighted financial and economic activity.

"Direct influence over foreign territories as sources of supply and as markets,"—that is the end aimed at. As means for the accomplishment of that end, the most effectual is thought to be the acquisition of oversea colonial possessions. But where are these to be obtained? The next best means is a "far-sighted financial and economic activity." The experience of the past shows what that activity will be,—a vigorous protective policy, government aid to enterprise, and the complete co-operation of the financial and industrial systems under State supervision.

And upon whom is this "far-sighted financial and economic activity" to be directed? Upon all countries, no doubt, that can furnish supplies or afford a market. These must be sought, however, chiefly from the countries that have been neutral during the present war,—the others being practically inaccessible; and, as a consequence, the effort to force a market in these will be more concentrated and more energetic than ever before. Is it unreasonable to believe that the United States will offer the greatest temptations for the exercise of this activity, and that it will be the chief objective of these efforts?

## III

In what condition then is the United States, or will it be at the time when this "pacific penetration" begins, to secure its own industrial and commercial interests, and especially to maintain its standard of living for the working classes? Shall we be ready to meet the situation on equal terms?

At this point it is important to remember that it is not the German industrial and commercial revival alone that this country will have to face, but the rivalry of all other nations. These will be financially straitened, but they will be all the more active. Their common characteristic will be want of capital, and a consequent general lowering of the standard

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of living among them; for where money is scarce and competition in the sale of products is intense wages must inevitably be reduced.

What then can be done under a tariff for revenue only to maintain the standard of living for the working people of the United States? Even if the dumping of cheap foreign goods should diminish the cost of many commodities, it would not make up for its effect upon our domestic industries. Only the rich and the persons whose incomes could not be affected would profit by it. If our own industries are to be put out of business by cheap foreign goods, where are the average man's means of living to come from? Who will offer him employment? And upon what terms will he be employed?

Undoubtedly, whether theoretically desirable or not, the end of the present war will force upon the United States the restoration of a protective tariff. The issue seems unavoidable.

At present we are as unprepared in an economic as we are in a military sense. Our present customs tariff neither protects nor produces a revenue. Were it not for the war, we should even now be closing our factories. As it is, the manufacturing nations of Europe are engaged in a conflict that absorbs their chief energies, giving us for the moment an opportunity to manufacture, if we please, what they would otherwise be exporting to us, and at the same time artificially stimulating a certain class of industries by the production of instruments of destruction. Were it not for these two temporary accidents we should probably at this moment, under our present legislation, be closing our workshops and discharging our workmen.

I say under our "present legislation," for it has no scientific relation to the facts of international industry and commerce. It is a piece of mere Congressional guess-work, from which all substantial evidence has been systematically excluded. While other Governments employ their intelligence and exert their influence to encourage the highest efficiency of industry, ours applies a dogma that has repeatedly been refuted to a situation so complicated that few persons in the United States fully comprehend it.

I make no plea for any personal or private interests, and I commend no action that has these for its object. What I assert is, that there is at present no competent governmental authority, based on exact knowledge and expert judgment,

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engaged in the study and explanation to the people of the precise action that should be taken by our Government with regard to the most vital interest of the country as a whole.

But there is in our situation a more fatal weakness than the absence of a scientific economic policy. Our current philosophy of legislation is speculative rather than practical. At the time when we should be demanding expert knowledge and advice as the basis of public action, the tendency is to appeal to the inexpert, the preoccupied, and the inexperienced, to decide the most important public questions.

Ours is, in truth, intended to be a People's Government, a Government based on the principle that the State exists for the individual, and not the individual for the State. It should be having to-day, as it has had in the past, its opportunity to show its strength and its beneficence. For this our institutions, as provided for in our Federal Constitution, furnish the necessary means; but, instead of employing them, we are engaged in the diversion of defaming them. We are proposing in this critical hour, when constructive statesmanship is needed as never before in our country's history, the destruction of our fundamental laws in order to give place to a medley of experiments of doubtful tendency. For deliberate, well-considered public action we are proposing the popular initiative, referendum, and recall; thus opening up a prospect of uncertainty and confusion in matters of legislation at a time when certainty and clearness are most needed.

How vital this procedure is becomes evident when we consider its effects upon industrial and commercial enterprise. Who is ready to assume new risks of business in a time of serious doubt as to what new conditions future laws may impose? And when the tendency is to thwart and hamper rather than to encourage and promote great enterprises, who can wonder at the progress of a creeping paralysis in our economic life which the galvanic movements resulting from a transient stimulus cannot disguise?

Will the country awaken to the realities with which it has to deal, or will it remain passive and inert? That is the question that presses home upon us.

With the greatest material resources of any nation in the world, with guaranteed individual rights and liberties not possessed by any other people, with traditions of sacrifice that should inspire us with a fervent patriotism, with a population unsurpassed in versatility and initiative, and with

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opportunities unequalled in the world, it is time to suppress the exploiters of class feelings and selfish passions, to silence the flatteries of the demagogue, and to adjust ourselves to our task of national development. We need no State direction of our private affairs, but we do need competent advice and information regarding public interests. Action without enlightenment, equally with complete inaction, will incur a serious danger to the country. We cannot afford to wait and see what will happen. We must have a scientific economic policy adapted to our national needs. In it must be included three essential elements: (1) It must protect the home industries that really need protection; (2) it must protect all our national rights on the high seas; and (3) it must protect American life and property wherever they legally exist. If our Republic is not prepared to do this, American citizenship has but little value. But if it is to offer this threefold protection, it will require for its support a revival of patriotism similar to that which reconstituted the integrity of the Union when it was exposed to the tests of the Civil War.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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# THE NEW ENGLAND

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

[It was the purpose of THE REVIEW to publish this article by Mr. Brooks in the October issue. The first draft of the MS., however, went down on the *Hesperian*, when that vessel was destroyed September 4.—THE EDITOR.]

ONE may fairly hope that from this war Great Britain will emerge a democracy. I do not mean in its forms and institutions and the machinery by which public opinion makes itself known and operative. These are the mere appurtenances of democracy, and not its essence. Politically and in spite of some anomalous arrangements, one of which, the House of Lords, is conspicuously oligarchical, we in Great Britain have long enjoyed a somewhat fuller and more effective measure of self-government than perhaps any other people in the world. We were tinkering with the Constitution and meditating plans for an elective Upper Chamber before the war began, but I doubt whether we shall have much heart for such pursuits when it is over. It is true the Irish question will remain to be dealt with, and steps may be taken to sweep away some of the ridiculous complexities of our electoral system, to admit women to the suffrage, and in other ways to ease and simplify the working of the representative régime. But it is not of such expedients I am thinking when I anticipate, as one of the results of the war, a great influx of democracy throughout Great Britain. To readjust the framework of Government is to effect little of permanent value. After innumerable experiments most peoples have more or less settled the question of what institutions they are to live under, only to find they have settled nothing at all. In countries such as Prussia and her still vaster neighbor to the east, where the people are still far from being the Government, a severe internal struggle may have to be fought out before democracy comes into its own. But hardly anywhere, and least of all in England, is political reform and

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enfranchisement now looked upon, as a few generations ago it was exclusively looked upon, as an end in itself. The masculine world has outgrown the stupendous fallacy that the ballot and the millennium are one and the same; and the feminine world has only to be given the vote to outgrow it, too. Whatever the war may elsewhere lead to in the shape of dynastic revolutions, redistributions of sovereignty, and political transformations and upheavals, Great Britain on the whole seems likely to maintain her familiar scheme of things outwardly intact or only slightly modified.

Inwardly, however, there must persist for some years to come a great change of attitude towards political men and methods. The war has revealed Great Britain on both the best and the worst sides of her national character and her national system—more than three million men, on the one hand, voluntarily enrolling themselves in the Army of Liberty, and, on the other, strikes and discontent in the most vital industries, muddle and waste in high quarters, and a depressing average of administrative capacity and political courage and leadership. The cohesion and the unanimity of selfless devotion which Germany has displayed throughout her titanic effort are as much beyond our present British reach as are the intelligence and foresight with which she has marshalled and turned to account all her resources of human and material energy. I cannot pretend as an Englishman to be blind to the fact that if we fail in this struggle it is because we deserve to fail, because our patriotism is neither so intensive nor so extensive nor so fruitful as that of our antagonist, because our sense of the State is feebler and our discipline less firm, because we bring to this business of war qualities of mind and spirit that are better suited to the careless, slouchy days of peace.

One defect, in particular, has been mercilessly exposed—the inadequacies of the party system as an instrument of war. It completely broke down, and its place was taken by the present Coalition Cabinet. But the new Ministry, even after four months of trial, has still to justify itself and to gain the full confidence of the country. The national temper still runs far ahead of the official policies. But though causes for dissatisfaction abound, nobody dreams of reverting to the party system of government. More strength, more resolution, more leadership—these are what the country is clamoring for. "Politics" have become not merely meaningless

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but noxious to the average man. He sickens at the very thought of them, and so long as the war lasts, he is not in the least likely to overcome his repulsion. Even, however, when it is over there will be a prolonged and infinitely difficult work of salvage and reconstruction to be grappled with. Few people imagine that the old type of party politician will be either competent or permitted to undertake it. If there are still men at Westminster who dream, when the war is out of the way, of reviving their little feuds, their preposterously trivial manœuvers, I am persuaded that they utterly misread the times. A decade or two from now we may again have parties in Britain. Meanwhile, in my judgment, we are heading straight if not for a dictatorship, at least for some sort of Committee of Public Safety with all but absolute powers. It is not merely that the nation is disenchanted with and revolts from the politicians and their party game. It is also that it feels itself unable to afford the waste involved in it. In the arduous and straitened years that lie before us the very best brains that the country possesses will be none too good for the rebuilding of the national life out of the wreckage of the war. And whatever the virtues of the party system, it always and necessarily fails to utilize more than half of the available talents and experience. I conceive, then, that in some form or other the Coalition type of government, compressed into a very few hands and strongly reinforced by advice and assistance of the business men of the country, even if they do not happen to possess seats in Parliament, must of necessity survive the war and continue for many years to wrestle with its huge aftermath of problems.

It is, however, in the social and not the political sphere that the most sweeping and at the same time the most wholesome changes may be anticipated. The political unity of the nation, induced by the outbreak of the war and confirmed by all that has happened since, found at once a far more momentous counterpart in a social unity. One of the compensations, one of the very few compensations of war, is its virtue as a purgative of self. It has visibly in the past twelve months drawn all classes closer together, and evoked a spirit of genuine fraternity. Beneath the compulsion of a common affliction rich and poor have realized that they are all alike Britons, and bound as such to stand together and help one another and the nation through the storm. We were not a social democracy before the war. We are well on the way to becom-

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ing one now. We shall be one before the long-distant peace is concluded. Already, as I have said, some three million of our best men, drawn from every occupation and every rank in life, have mingled with one another, have learned to understand and sympathize with one another, in the new Armies. Another three millions may yet have to be added to them. And this great force of hard, clean men, with all the nonsense of social distinctions knocked out of them, trained into an equal brotherhood in the severest school of courage, efficiency and sacrifice, is the backbone of Britain during the war and will continue, one may fairly hope, to be its backbone through the not less anxious decades of peace. The war has fused us, as nothing else could have done, into one people. Gone is the vicious consideration that wealth has always claimed and received in the plump security of these islands. Duke's son and cook's son are fighting shoulder to shoulder; great ladies slave like barmaids at refreshment buffets, like sewing-maids in the Red Cross arsenals, like factory hands in the munitions works; a shopwalker and a grocer's assistant wear the V. C. —the new patent of nobility; for the convalescent wounded there is a boundless outpouring of hospitality and affection, free from the remotest tinge of "condescension"; the impulse to succor, to link hands, to know and understand one another, is universal. I am persuaded that in the sterner days succeeding the war this impulse will not pass away.

For England, thank God, henceforward and for many generations is to be a poor land, a land of labor and not of leisure, an England such as no living man has ever known. It is part, I suppose, of the inevitable madness of war that many Englishmen should sincerely have persuaded themselves that Germany, after four decades of unity, power and prosperity —after four decades, that is to say, of the conditions which England has enjoyed for nearly two centuries—had grown degenerate, that the national fibre had relaxed, and that they were entitled to weep over the submergence of the simple habits and the disinterested ideals of the Germany their fathers knew. But if any country in Europe had become enervated by luxury and pursued pleasure and comfort with a disproportionate ardor that country surely was England. The whole scheme of British existence made for easygoingness. You had an old, a wealthy, a deeply-rutted aristocracy which, while not idle, was too magnificent and too softly circumstanced to take off its coat in earnest. You had a vast

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territorial class living to perfection the life of private and privileged ease, broken, if at all, by a little public activity—a seat on the magistrate's bench, on the local council, perhaps in Parliament. The English "country gentleman" of the old type before the war had, no doubt, his immense utility. But at the same time it was equally indisputable that the sort of life he affected, and especially the sort of life affected by the newer and richer class of country gentlemen—the endless indulgence in sport, the salmon stream, the grouse moor, the hunting box, the pheasant preserve, and so on—was, on the whole, one of more or less innocuous and half-irresponsible idleness.

Again, in an old and stable land, governed by a monarchy, and with social standards as fixed as the social foundations, the conventions played an enormous part; and the conventions in England were all against hard work. It was the leisured class that ruled, that made up society, that held all the positions men naturally covet. Time and again have I been assured by Americans, Canadians and Australians that what most impressed them in that England which has been killed by the war was the prevalence of the caste system. They were quite right. The caste system was beyond doubt the outstanding feature of the British structure. It was the caste system that made the West End of London the governing centre of the Empire. It was the caste system that in every British Ministry reserved an excessive number of places for the aristocracy, whose title to them was based mainly on the non-essentials of birth, manners, and social position. Nobody pretended that they were the best men for the offices they filled or that the country received from them anything like full value for its money. They were there chiefly because they were born in the purple and could not be got rid of. Hence politics in England remained an affair of friends, and the national business, as the war has shown but too clearly, was too often entrusted to a set of charming, wealthy, and condescending amateurs. But it was socially and industrially rather than politically that the caste system worked its gravest harm. What was it at bottom that made the English atmosphere before the war so difficult for an American to breathe in freely? It was, I believe, that he felt himself in a country where the dignity of life was lower than in his own; a country where a man born in ordinary circumstances expected, and was expected, to die in ordinary cir-

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cumstances; where the scope of his efforts was traced beforehand by the accident of position; where he was handicapped in all cases and crushed in most by the superincumbent weight of convention, "good form," and the deadening artificialities and traditions of an old society. That unconquerable buoyancy which infects the American air like a sting and challenge, and braces every American with the inspiration that he has a chance in life; that here are open opportunities, unreserved possibilities, no battering at locked doors, no floundering down blind alleys; that here, in short, it is the man himself who makes his career—is something which England before the war had so disastrously lost as to be hardly capable of realizing it. The number of things that an English "gentleman" and still more an English "lady" could not do without losing social caste was so prodigious as to form almost a schedule of forbidden industries. There were some trades and professions and occupations that were "respectable" and others which were not. Only an Englishman knew which was which; and he knew it by an instinct which was born in him, which he never examined and so could not define. These factitious and conventional gradations exist, of course, to some extent everywhere, but nowhere were they so stereotyped, nowhere did they strike so deeply, as in antebellum England. There was not a single Englishman who had not the social privilege of despising some other Englishman, and the lower one penetrated in the social scale the more complex and mysterious and the more rigidly drawn did these lines of demarcation become.

The truth is that throughout England the sense of the nobility of work for its own sake, if not actually lost, had been weakened and confused by the intrusion of quite alien factors. The country, while democratic in form, was not democratic in spirit. It had not accepted, and did not subscribe to, that gospel of work which lies at the root of the strength, the success, the democracy, of the younger nations. The working-man, aping the class above him and imbued with the same spirit that gave all the conventions a "ca'-cannie" twist, was not likely to gain a keen appreciation of the dignity of labor. His ideal inevitably became that of doing as little as he could, of striving to reproduce on his own plane his employer's mode of life, and of regarding work as an unpalatable interruption of the real business of existence.

There were two perils that menaced England before the



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war, and menace her still, more formidably than any fleet of German dreadnoughts; and both of them lay within herself. Even now, when our national life is at the hazard of war, it is hardly too much to say that England's deadliest and most enduring enemy is ignorance, mental inertia, slipshod ways of thinking and acting, a depressed average of intelligence, a preference for casual improvisations and rule-of-thumb methods over scientific forethought and organization. In the world-wide struggle for trade, a struggle that has long tended to assume the character of a contest between highly-trained experts, we in Great Britain, when the war broke out, were only just beginning to value knowledge and to devise the means of getting it. And reinforcing this defect, partly the cause of it, and partly its product, were those other shortcomings on which I have touched—that excessive worship of externals and appearances, that over-valuation of the purely decorative, non-productive elements of life, that eternal sacrifice of efficiency to "good form" and flunkeyism. The standards of British life were fixed too little by fundamental values and too much by adventitious accessories. There was at work a pernicious and permeating spirit of distortion and misdirection. Faced with the spectacle of all the wretched huckstering and intrigue that graduate the scale of English precedence; bogged in the belief that not character but position is the important thing and that the worth of life is something different and separate from the work of labor; and neglecting the things that matter and bestowing an inordinate attention on what Burke called the "solemn plausibilities" of life—the British nation did not and could not realize its best self.

Upon this altogether too comfortable and too complacent community, taking things easily in its familiar, unconcerned way, there burst the shock of war. The manhood of the nation rose with a stern impetuosity to meet its ordeal. No voluntary system in the history of the world ever produced so great a response from such a variety of ranks and occupations. Two classes in particular flung themselves into the recruiting offices—the wage-earners and the men of leisure. It is retracting not a word of what I have said as to the unwholesome influence of the wealthy irresponsibles as a body to insist that as individuals they have proved true grit. The gentlemen of England have more than upheld, they have positively enhanced, their ancient fame. As for the working

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men who have rushed into the Army in embarrassing multitudes, there is to be gathered one clear and predominant impression from all the letters that are written at the front, from all the talk of the officers and men on leave or in hospital: the affection, the implicit confidence, the unstinted admiration that exist between the leaders and the rank and file. Get hold of an officer and he will talk of nothing but his men. Get hold of the men and they will tell you little except what first-class fellows their officers are. We cannot measure the liberation of the spirit, the quickening of the imagination, the knowledge of self and others, the fraternal bonds, the lessons of order and discipline, the readjustment of all social values that are the fruit of this war not only for the British Army but for the British nation. The foundations of all things are shifting even if they are not breaking; habits and prejudices and old instinctive attitudes of mind are in process of dissolution; economic conditions that seemed rooted in the deeps are made plastic and adjustable; and from this welter of renewal there will emerge a Britain dignified by enormous sacrifices, enobled by poverty, and embracing, with an ardor that will burn a path through a host of seemingly insoluble problems, the true faith of social equality.

One thing in especial that the war must infallibly revolutionize is the ordinary Englishman's conception of the State and his duties and responsibilities towards it, and of the range of its functions. In the past fifteen months the State has entered the homes of our people in a quite new guise. The National Register Act illustrates the difference When it was put into operation the State appeared before the nation not promising "nine pence for four pence" or any ingratiatingly deceptive errand of that sort. It appeared with the single purpose of asking every individual between fifteen and sixty-five such questions as these: "Who are you? What is your age? What are your circumstances and occupation? Above all, what are you doing and what can you do for your country?" This last query, was, of course, the vital and startling one. It struck home by its very unexpectedness. So long as any of us in Great Britain can remember we have been harangued about the duty of the State to the people. Now, almost for the first time, the People were being asked about their duty to the State and their capacity to fulfill it. We have been encouraged to think of the State as a superior policeman, a handy milch-cow, an unaccountable Santa

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Claus. But when the National Register Act came into force the tables were turned. The State then said, "In happier times I have done much for you. What can you do for me in my hour of need and peril?" We can all see now that in the past we English have grieviously failed to associate the State with the ideas of personal service, personal obligation, personal self-sacrifice. We have failed, in other words, to teach the first elements of citizenship. Far too many of our people are born and grow to manhood without once realizing that they are members of a community, and that between themselves and that community there might one day arise a question of debts to be paid and duties to be discharged. They have been used to getting all they can and giving nothing in return, because nothing has been asked of them. As a result we are the least organized nation in Europe, and the one where the sense of the State, and of the demands it may legitimately enforce and of the obligations owing to it from all who live under its protection, is least developed. When the State, therefore, armed with the National Register Act, held a national roll-call, made an inventory and valuation of the man-power and woman-power of the country, and enumerated every contribution, even the smallest, on which it could rely in its supreme fight for existence, something like a turning-point was reached in the political philosophy of the British people. We are never likely to go to the extreme of Germany and deify the State as an authority, not merely supreme over all the individuals who compose it, but with attributes and a code of ethics distinctively its own. We are far too humorous and far too rebellious a people for that. But unquestionably the war will leave behind it a much clearer realization by each individual Englishman that he is only part of a greater whole: that the State has a claim upon him that exceeds the exigencies of his private interests, and that patriotism to be productive must be linked with service and sacrifice.

Along with this change in the attitude of the ordinary citizen towards the State, there is certain to proceed an even wider expansion of State activities. All the belligerents have found it necessary to utilize the full powers of their national organization; but nowhere has this development seemed so much of a revolution as in Great Britain, because nowhere was political opinion so ruled by a happy-go-lucky individualism. If the old politics are dead, so also are the old eco-

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nomics. Since the war began we have seen the State invading that inviolable stronghold, the Englishman's castle, his home, and incontinently converting it into a billet for soldiers. We have seen it taking over the railways and running them for the common weal. We have seen it fixing wages, regulating prices, and proceeding with British severity against forestallers. We have seen it purchasing huge supplies of sugar and meat for re-sale to private dealers with a very definite understanding as to the profits they may reap. We have seen it controlling the Press, and sharply restricting liberty of speech. We have seen it entering the insurance business, inaugurating new industries, setting up national workshops for the production of munitions of war, abolishing trade-union rules and privileges, annexing practically the entire engineering trade of the country and turning its surplus profits into the Treasury, and assuming full authority to close any saloons it thinks fit. And all these ventures have been approved and applauded by the British people simply because they were demanded by the common-sense of the situation. That the future must witness a yet greater extension of Governmental ownership and control seems to me beyond question. The fetish of property is dead or dying. I cannot imagine the railways slipping back into private hands or individual ownership, and operation of the services and utilities that are indispensable to the life of the community being allowed to continue its old haphazard course for any length of time when peace returns.

The land question in particular, to which almost every other question in Great Britain ultimately comes back, is insoluble without the drastic intervention of the State. How to repeople the countryside is one of the earliest and most anxious problems we shall have to face. The war has disclosed many flaws in our economic situation, but none more serious from the physical, the financial and the political standpoints than our unique dependence upon foreign countries for our supply of food—a dependence that, with the development of the submarine, must sooner or later threaten our very existence as a nation. A century ago we had seven times as many acres under wheat for every hundred of the population as we have to-day, and we raised nearly six times as many bushels per head. After every war there is a back-to-the-land movement. After this war it will be a rush. How to meet that rush, how to settle ex-soldiers on the land and

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provide them with capital, expert instruction, and the machinery of co-operation, and how to lessen the enormous dislocation of labor that must follow " when peace sets in with unusual severity " by systematic schemes of colonization throughout the British overseas Dominions—these are problems that only the State can effectively tackle. With what means it will tackle them, when our margin of revenue for many years to come, after paying the interest on the national debt, will be all but a minus quantity, is more than I can say. But that somehow or other they will be tackled, and that the process will absolutely subvert the settled plan of British rural existence, and the familiar British notions as to the sanctity of property, is a moderately safe anticipation. We shall have to pool all our resources and " Socialize " many of our productive agencies to keep going at all; and not a single scheme, not a single hint, can be neglected that will help us to cut our coat according to our much attenuated cloth. We shall have to look upon the country as a co-operative estate to be managed and developed for the benefit of all who live in it. We shall have to dismiss merely political problems and concentrate on life and the means of subsistence and what Carlyle used to call " the condition of the people " question. And with every penny we can save we shall have to do as the Germans did when they began to escape from beneath the heel of Napoleon—we shall have to educate our people, to rescue the schools from the theologians and the politicians, and to open up a road from the primary school to the university firm enough and broad enough to be traversed by the multitudes whose gifts and capacities are at present either wasted or unrevealed.

The temper in which Labor will emerge from this conflict is one of the gravest questions ahead of us. Even the war has not been able to conceal the bitterness and the suspicions that were leading British industrialism to a violent crisis that, but for its outbreak, could not have been long delayed. Labor at present has the whip hand of Capital. It can command its own price and make pretty well what terms it likes. But I am filled with apprehensions that when the situation is reversed, and the labor market is flooded with disbanded soldiers, the employer will seize his chance to reassert his supremacy, and that the old dreary tale of strikes and lockouts, of broken agreements, and miserable alienations and misunderstandings, will be resumed. There are, however,

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some omens of a happier issue. One is the practical certainty that in many of the most vital industries the State will take the place of the private owner. Another is the absolute certainty that we shall all be condemned to lives of the severest economy, that the rich will be decidedly poorer, and the poor, in all probability, decidedly richer relatively to their present means than they are to-day, and that the war by forcing a general redistribution of wealth and lowering the standard of living for all classes, but particularly for the well-to-do, will have materially eased the social friction. Then, again, I count on the influence of the returned soldiers as a steadying factor. But even so I see little prospect of British industrialism weathering the difficult years of peace without a whole series of internal conflicts unless employers take the lead in humanizing their relations with their men.

This, however, is a matter in which the fixed data are so few and the exceptions and qualifications so many and so varied that no forecast can be much more than a speculation in the unknowable. As much, too, may be said for the military and naval arrangements of Great Britain after the war. They will depend so largely on the character of the peace and the responsibilities it entails as to be outside the scope of any useful discussion at the present moment. But there is one great social and political change which may already be said to be foreordained. The war has done more for women than they could ever have done for themselves, and their full political and industrial and professional emancipation in England will prove, I imagine, to be one of its first and best consequences. There were people before the war who said that women could not vote because they could not fight. We all know better now. We all know that you cannot wage war without the help of women, and that their zeal and self-sacrifice and their organizing talents are an essential part of a modern nation's military strength. In the new Britain that is now being hammered out—a Britain intolerant of party politics, socially remade, pivoting upon its citizen soldiery, living sanely and thriftily, bent upon turning to the utmost account all its assets and resources, and exalted by the memory of heroic struggles and sacrifices—in this new Britain I feel confident that women will share more and more in the opportunities and responsibilities of men.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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# FINANCIAL PROBLEMS FOR CONGRESS

BY JOHN J. FITZGERALD

Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives.

FINANCIAL problems will be uppermost during the approaching session of Congress. Other matters of importance looking to the safety, the welfare, and the development of the country will be given serious and thorough consideration; but underlying and overshadowing everything else will be the vital question of money.

Probably the simplest work of public officials is devising popular ways to deplete the Treasury; their most difficult task is to find easy funds and to safeguard their expenditure in a wise and economical manner.

Whatever views public men may have entertained in the remote, or even in the very recent past, regarding the wisdom of certain classes of expenditures by the Federal Government, such opinions must surely have been modified by the unprecedented and unanticipated events of the present World's War. Difficult as it may be to comprehend the enormity of the destruction of life and capital, impossible as it is adequately to appreciate the horrors and miseries of the devastated nations, yet definite and valuable information is available as the result of the conflict, which the United States cannot ignore without extraordinary risk.

The country is awakened to the situation, and real or apparent dangers have deeply stirred the people. A nation-wide sentiment unquestionably exists for additional measures for the public defense. Expenditures unheard of—even undreamed of—until the past few months will undoubtedly result: for, however much men may differ as to the wisdom of the policy to be followed, the responsiveness of our Government to public sentiment that is based upon patriotic

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fervor assures the reasonable gratification of the public demand before the Congress adjourns.

With this widespread demand for great increases in our military establishments there is no suggestion of curtailment in the civil establishments. While the estimates of the various departments are not available at this time, it is a matter of common knowledge that many suggestions will be made for the extension of existing services and the establishment of new ones, all of which involve additional drains upon the Treasury. The difficulty of arranging the finances of the Government in a satisfactory manner is increased by the existing necessity for readjustment regardless of any additional expenditures of an extraordinary character for the public defense. This necessity is not of recent origin. It has been pressing for several years, but it became acute as a result of the conditions arising from the present war.

In a statement reviewing the finances of the United States made last March, I said:

> The finances of the Federal Government must be readjusted. No more important problem will confront the Congress when it reassembles. The paramount consideration should be to establish our finances upon a permanently sound basis. Makeshift legislation will not be helpful. Temporary expedients will only add to the difficulties and complicate the problems that must be faced. . . . Revenues and expenditures should now be carefully calculated, a definite fiscal policy established, and ample provision made for present and future necessities.

The estimates submitted to Congress for the current fiscal year aggregated $1,135,187,984.31. The sums appropriated by Congress amounted to $1,114,937,012.02.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, the appropriations amounted to $1,116,118,138.55.

Eliminating the Postoffice expenditures, and considering what are characterized in the Treasury statements as "ordinary" receipts and expenditures, it appears that the Treasury estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, were — receipts, $728,000,000 — expenditures, $710,000,000 — an estimated surplus of $18,000,000. The actual ordinary receipts were $697,910,827.58, the ordinary disbursements $731,399,759.11, an actual deficit of $33,488,931.53, instead of the estimated surplus of $18,000,000.

The following gives a comprehensive picture of the Treasury operations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915:

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RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS, FISCAL YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1915.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *Receipts.* | | |
| Customs | | $209,786,672.21 |
| Internal revenue: | | |
| Ordinary | $283,398,760.85 | |
| Emergency revenue | 52,069,126.29 | |
| Corporation income | 39,155,596.77 | |
| Individual income | 41,046,162.09 | 415,669,646.00 |
| Sale of public lands | | 2,167,136.47 |
| Miscellaneous | | 70,287,372.90 |
| Total, ordinary receipts | | $697,910,827.58 |
| Deposits to retire national bank notes | | 21,553,415.00 |
| Deposits for postal savings bonds | | 933,540.00 |
| Total receipts | | $720,397,782.58 |
| *Disbursements.* | | |
| Civil and miscellaneous | | $207,169,824.05 |
| War Department | | *172,973,091.73 |
| Navy Department | | 141,835,653.98 |
| Indians | | 22,130,350.70 |
| Pensions | | 164,387,941.61 |
| Interest | | 22,902,897.04 |
| Total, ordinary disbursements | | $731,399,759.11 |
| Panama Canal | | $29,187,042.22 |
| National bank notes retired | | 17,205,958.00 |
| Bonds, certificates, etc., retired | | 47,533.00 |
| Total disbursements | | $777,840,292.33 |

Deficit in ordinary receipts, $33,488,931.53

Excess of total disbursements, $57,442,509.75

NOTE.—Postal revenues and expenditures not included, except grants from the Treasury for deficiencies in postal revenues for 1915 of $6,300,000, and for prior years of $336,592.60 included in "Civil and miscellaneous disbursements" above.

* Includes, in addition to expenditures on account of the military establishment, expenditures under the War Department for certain civil functions such as river and harbor improvements, national military parks, national cemeteries, soldiers' homes, etc.

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The Treasury Department's estimate of ordinary receipts for the current fiscal year, which ends June 30, 1916, is $735,000,000. The estimate will not be realized. It includes $240,000,000 from customs as against the estimated $220,000,000 for the last fiscal year when only $209,000,000 were collected.

The continuance of the present war necessarily affects our customs receipts. The withdrawal of men from lines of production to military service, and the continual conversion of establishments into the manufacture of commodities essential for the conduct of the war lessens enormously the production of articles for export to the United States.

The following figures of customs revenues for the first four months of the present fiscal year, as compared with the first four months of the preceding fiscal year, disclose a decrease of $12,920,889.37:

| | 1914. | 1915. |
|---|---|---|
| July ..... | $22,988,465.04 | $14,985,642.69 |
| August ..... | 19,431,362.52 | 15,780,540.95 |
| September ..... | 17,225,887.03 | 14,923,639.89 |
| October ..... | 16,271,829.25 | 17,306,830.94 |
| | $75,917,543.84 | $62,996,654.47 |

The reasonable presumption is that this condition will continue. Apparently the end of the war is not at hand. The danger of our markets being flooded with commodities when it is finished is very much exaggerated. The productive activities of the various warring nations will be taxed to their capacity to supply their own needs, and the surplus products for export will not be a menace to our home market, nor a very material aid to our dwindling revenues.

The problem of adjusting our finances would tax the resourcefulness of Congress under normal conditions; complicated with the extraordinary demands for the military establishments, it will require the ability and the skill of the ablest men in the country to work out a solution that will be satisfactory to the people and without menace to our financial equilibrium.

The appropriations for the military establishment, including the sums in the Army Act, the Military Academy Act, the Fortification Act, and the amount for the Organized Militia, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, were $111,-

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644,812.04; for the Naval establishment, $144,868,716.61; the total for the two services was $256,513,528.65.

For the current fiscal year, which will end June 30, 1916, the appropriations for the two services, based on the same elements included above for 1915, are: military establishment, $113,104,226.14; naval establishment, $149,661,864.88; a total of $262,766,091.02.

Recently the War and Navy Departments have outlined their plans for enlargement and have announced the requests for funds to be submitted to Congress during the coming session. They are based upon plans which the departments maintain are essential for the reasonable security of the country from foreign invasion or aggression.

The plan of the Navy Department contemplates a five-year building program, additions to the personnel, the development of special corps for aviation, and other purposes. The money estimated as necessary to be provided by Congress for the next fiscal year is $217,652,173, an increase of $67,990,308 over the current appropriations.

The program contemplates that $57,000,000 will be required on account of vessels to be authorized at the coming session; for the second year $84,273,750, an increase of $27,273,250 will be required; for the third year, $90,767,500; the fourth year, $89,133,087; the fifth year, $101,786,750.

The proposed expenditure for the next year, $67,990,308, in excess of the appropriations for the current year, is the smallest proposed. At the end of five years the estimated annual expenditures for the Navy will be approximately $265,000,000 annually, a sum in excess of the total appropriations for the Army and Navy for the current year.

The plans of the War Department call for $182,717,036.08 the first year, $212,815,879.70 the second year, and $228,315,879.70 the third and fourth years. Thereafter, it is asserted, the cost will be $162,234,559.70 annually. The probable reduction after a four-year period needs no consideration at this time. It is in the realm of probabilities, and is more likely to remain there than to be translated into an actuality.

The proposals outlined by the War and Navy Departments call for additional annual expenditures for the purely military services of the Government of at least $137,603,118.06.

Other departments of the Government will not be idle in demanding increases. To carry out the construction of

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railroads in Alaska, to which the Government is committed and upon which work has been commenced, will necessitate in all probability at least $5,000,000 in addition to the amount provided by Congress at the last session. Demand for the extension of the activities of the Departments of Commerce and of Labor will be pressed with persistency. Those interested in the improvement of navigable rivers and harbors have been chafing during the past two years because of the curtailment of the appropriations for such public works. The West will be clamoring for the more rapid completion of the various projects of the Reclamation Service, which can be met only by advances from the general funds of the Treasury, while the proposal to pay the Republic of Colombia $25,000,000 in adjustment of existing differences has not been abandoned.

The movement to procure Federal aid for good roads is well organized and has many earnest and sincere advocates. During the last Congress a bill passed the House of Representatives appropriating $25,000,000 as the first step in the movement. From various parts of the country there are insistent demands that public buildings be provided to accommodate the various Governmental services at present occupying rented or inadequate quarters.

The "See America First" movement directed an unusual number of tourists through the national parks during the present year and has added a large group of enthusiasts to those who were already urging very considerable increases in the appropriations to promote the comfort of those visiting the parks and to make them more accessible.

Looming back of all, like a death pall on the democracy, is the so-called Ship Purchase Bill with its contemplated burden of $40,000,000, to enable the Government to enter an unnecessary domain and to conduct a commercial business at a loss.

The demands to be pressed upon Congress are not exhausted in this brief review. From every section of the country, from a multitude of groups and interests, will flow the customary claims for Federal aid and Governmental succor. Persons interested in obtaining such help will not be quiescent, while the Administration is urging its plans to strengthen the public defense. There will be a constant strife in Congress over these many matters. There will be incessant clamor that no interest be ignored, that none be

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magnified at the expense of others. To reconcile these conflicting demands, to utilize available funds in the most advantageous manner, to satisfy any considerable number of claimants, and at the same time to place the finances of the country upon a permanently sound basis, is a task of no slight proportions.

In what condition is the Federal Treasury to meet the burdens to be placed upon it? How are these various undertakings to be financed? These questions cannot be ignored and they must be answered by legislation of a permanent character productive of considerable revenue.

The increase in our expenditures will not be temporary. The growth of the country, the continued extension of the activities of the Government, and the gradual, but unceasing, assumption by the Federal Government of activities more properly performed by the States, local communities, or individuals, will operate to prevent any material reduction in the total of expenditures. The question of revenue is not temporary. The problem is not merely to provide means to meet an unusual condition soon to disappear, but it is rather how to produce for many years revenues largely in excess of the necessities of the present day.

The Daily Treasury statement discloses that on November 9, 1915, the net balance in the general fund (if there be treated as liabilities $59,685,942.89 in the hands of disbursing officers and $24,709,843 deposited for the retirement of national bank notes) was $31,990,677.91. If $1,990,677.91 of this sum be allotted to liabilities for outstanding warrants in the United States and the Philippine Islands, and to outstanding interest checks, a fair statement of the free balance for November 9 would be approximately $30,000,000. There is no surplus in the Treasury sufficient to meet the extraordinary demands to be made upon it. Legislation is required to provide revenue to finance the operations of the Government without any contemplated increase of expenditures.

This condition is due solely to the disturbed conditions resulting from the war. When the Underwood Tariff Bill was presented to the House of Representatives it was estimated that the customs receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, would aggregate $270,000,000 and the receipts from the income tax would be $95,000,000. The actual collections were: customs $292,128,527, or $22,128,527 in excess

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of the estimate; income tax, $71,381,275, about $24,000,000 less than the estimate. The loss in income tax returns was due to the fact that the law became operative March 1, so that considerable sums in the way of interest and dividends and payable January 1 were not reached by the law. To provide revenues in the place of those not realized from customs because of the war, Congress enacted the War Revenue Act (Act approved October 22, 1914). In the prevalent belief that normal conditions would practically be restored by January 1, 1916, the act was limited to December 31, 1915. The estimate of revenue which it would produce was placed at $90,000,000. Those revenues cease on December 31, 1915, and on May 1, 1916, sugar is admitted free of duty. The loss in duty from those two sources would be approximately $142,000,000 annually. Should those sources of revenue be abandoned it will be necessary to provide additional annual revenues of at least $277,000,000; if those revenues be retained there still remains the necessity to obtain $137,000,000 additional.

The proposed extraordinary expenditures are not for a single year. The plans of both military departments—War and Navy—cover a period of five years, and the expenditures will be less the first year than any other. The money required must be obtained from sources that will yield steadily and recurringly through a number of years. That requirement should dispose of the proposal to obtain the needed funds by a bond issue. The sale of bonds merely defers the day of reckoning. The increases proposed in the military establishments are not permanent betterments, and sound financial methods would not justify the spreading of payment for them over a number of years. They are merely part of the necessary current upkeep, and should be met out of current revenues.

Section thirty-nine of the Tariff Act approved August 5, 1909 (The Payne-Aldrich Act), authorized the reimbursement of the Treasury for the expenditures incurred by the construction of the Panama Canal from the proceeds of three per cent bonds. The amount was limited to $375,000,000. The amount by which the Treasury can be reimbursed in this way is $361,033,455.68, the sum in which it has been reimbursed is $138,600,869.02, and the sum available now for reimbursement is $222,432,586.66. The Administration is justified in reimbursing the Treasury at any time by the sale

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of these bonds. The sum of $222,432,586.66, which should be available for the current needs of the Government, has been expended in the construction of the Panama Canal—a permanent work. Whether the time is propitious for an issue of three per cent bonds is a matter for thoughtful consideration; but even though those bonds be issued there will still be the necessity for legislation to increase, by a very extraordinary sum, the current revenues of the Government. Various methods have been suggested to obtain the increased revenue. The vastly changed conditions since the enactment of the Underwood Tariff Act seem to have resulted in a very persuasive sentiment for the repeal of the provisions placing sugar on the free list. Desirable though it may be to admit sugar free, the paramount necessity of revenue practically compels legislation to retain the fifty-odd millions obtainable from such a source.

The present War Revenue Act was designed as a temporary measure. It has many irksome and irritating features. Wisdom, however, would seem to prompt its extension, either in its present or in some modified form. It is almost axiomatic that even irritating methods of taxation gradually lose their offensive character. The people seem to become inured to them. Politically it is safer to continue a system to which the people are accustomed than to substitute novel and equally exasperating taxes.

Proposals have been made that resort be had to a Federal inheritance tax. There is a practical objection to this legislation, unless it be absolutely imperative. A very large number of the States have such laws in force, and some of them are as burdensome as public sentiment will tolerate. To add a Federal tax would in many instances be unjust. Some of the States would in all probability be compelled to modify materially their present statutes. Since this field is so thoroughly preempted by the States, and as confusion and hardship would be the inevitable result of a Federal tax, its wisdom at this time may well be doubted.

A determined effort will be made to obtain considerable increase of revenue by modifications of the income tax law. There is a very prevalent belief that an income tax is the most just and equitable manner of obtaining funds for the maintenance of the Government; and it has been suggested that by increasing the super-tax on the larger incomes, and by reducing considerably the exemption, the revenues can be

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legitimately increased without material injury or the slightest injustice to anyone.

The War Revenue Act (Act approved October 22, 1914), as it passed the House of Representatives, contained a tax of two cents a gallon on gasoline, motor spirits, naphtha, and other products. This provision was eliminated by the Senate. The lowest estimate of the revenue that would be obtained from such a tax was $20,000,000. Another suggestion which " died aborning " was the proposed tax of three per centum on freight charges. It was variously estimated that such a tax would produce between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000 annually, and a cogent argument in its favor was the ease with which it could be collected. It required no new and extensive organization. The necessary information under existing laws is furnished to the Interstate Commerce Commission in uniform reports, and those reports are checked by the agents of the Commission.

Whether resort will be had to any or all of the foregoing methods, or whether new and heretofore untried sources will be tapped, is yet to be determined.

The Congress, however, before it reaches a decision will have presented for consideration the views of the Administration. The so-called Smith amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation Act, approved March 4, 1909, requires the Secretary of the Treasury, whenever the estimates for the conduct of the various Governmental services exceed the estimated revenues, to transmit the estimates of revenue and of appropriations to Congress, and at the same time to furnish them to the President. The Executive is then required to inform Congress how the estimated expenditures can be reduced to sums within the estimated revenues without injury to the public service, and if in his judgment such reductions cannot be made, what new forms of taxes, or loans, shall be authorized in order to obtain the requisite revenues. It will be recalled that in the book *Cost of Our National Government,* Prof. Henry Jones Ford, of Princeton, speaking of this provision, says that Congress has taken

> a step toward connection of the powers, and has thus unwittingly started a movement of profound constitutional importance. The real hope of establishing budget control, and with it a genuine constitutional system, lies in the flow of political force in the channels thus opened.

He adds that the action taken by Congress making it the



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duty of the President to coordinate income and expenditure, as provided in the Smith amendment, "is the salvation of representative government in the United States." The Administration is required by law to suggest to Congress the manner in which the additional revenues shall be obtained. It would be unwise to attempt to anticipate the recommendations of the Executive. But the problem is one of the most difficult and complicated presented to any Administration since the Civil War. Statesmanship of the first order will be required to solve it successfully. Patriotic men of every political creed will unite in an honest and sincere effort to perform the task involved in the manner most beneficial to the people.

The prosperity of the country, the development and extension of commerce in every form, the continued and remunerative employment of labor, the happiness and contentment of the people, are all dependent upon the fiscal legislation of the Sixty-fourth Congress.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD.

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# CHINA'S VITAL QUESTION

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

WHAT is the present situation of China? That question is best answered by two quotations. The first is from the lips of the Chinese President, Yüan Shih-k'ai:

Our rights and privileges in Manchuria have suffered enormously. We are ashamed and humiliated, but our weakness invited insult. Let all the people unite and work harmoniously for the supreme object of saving the country.

The second quotation is from the lips of a brilliant Chinese, who was educated in the United States and who has just been designated China's Minister at Washington.

The Republic of China was founded only four years ago, and yet in that brief period we have seen peace and order restored and many great reforms instituted. Wide as is the domain of China, the mandates of the Government are faithfully carried out in every part of the land. There has been developed a sense of security and a sense of nationalism never known under the old régime. Under the old régime very often there were viceroys in some of the far corners of the country who would sometimes send rosy reports of conditions to Peking when all was not as it should have been in the provinces under their administration. That sort of maladministration is no longer possible. Offices are carefully filled and reports properly verified; and the result is that the central Government is looked up to with a degree of confidence and respect, and with a feeling of seriousness, which in itself is a sign of a nation that is united. The central Government is close to the hearts of all the Chinese people.

In the year 1912, the most serious problem confronting the Chinese people was the financial problem. Finance was the stumbling-block, because much money was needed for the carrying into effect of important administrative reforms, and the Government was firmly determined not to live on loans forever. The loans which were made for administrative purposes had aroused so much opposition among the people that, partly in deference to this very natural and proper public feeling, but more particularly because it was the only

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sound financial plan, the Government resolved that the necessary funds for its administration must be got internally—direct from the people themselves. To this end efforts were made to ascertain exactly what were the sources and amounts of old revenue, and then new methods were devised to make certain that every cent collected from the people for the Government should be received by the Government.

From these two statements it will be seen, first, that the fear of further foreign aggression is very pronounced in China; and second, that the Government of China under its present form has accomplished very remarkable results. If such be the case, what excuse is there for changing its form?

Stripped of polite verbiage and special pleading, the answer to this question may be compressed into the fear, in part fictitious, in part genuine, that something may happen in China to remove from the helm President Yüan Shih-k'ai, and that "a presidential election is liable to cause a disturbance of the peace." The ablest opponent of the monarchist agitation, although himself avowedly a believer in the virtues of monarchy as a broad, general proposition, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, concedes this danger in the following words: "This is quite so. And it was for that very reason that ten years ago I declined to associate myself with the advocates of republicanism." But Mr. Liang points out very truly: "Happily, a remedy against this evil has been found in the newly promulgated presidential election laws which practically provide a life-term for the president." However, as Mr. Liang admits, "what is to be feared is what will happen when the President shall have departed from our midst. This is, of course, a question which we do not wish to discuss, but since death is inevitable to every mortal being, including even the patriarchs, let us face the problem boldly. Should Heaven help China and allow the President to serve the country for more than ten years to come, during which period he will be able to regulate and cleanse official practises, resuscitate the nation's strength, consolidate the people's confidence and make a clean sweep of all visible and invisible evils, then thereafter it will be immaterial whether we have a monarchy, or a republic. On the other hand, should Heaven not bless us, but take the President away from our people ere he has half accomplished his work, then there will be nothing but ruination for China."

I am not so sure that Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao is right. If,

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as he and many others seem to think, the entire salvation or ruination of China, a nation of over four hundred million people, depends absolutely upon one man, then Heaven help China! I say this as one who has nothing but the highest respect, nothing but the warmest admiration, for the character and achievements of Yüan Shih-k'ai. I do believe that at the present moment, quite possibly during Yüan's lifetime, Yüan is the one man and the one alone who can most successfully guide the helm of China. But to admit that a nation of four hundred million people is capable of producing only one man with the intelligence, the tact, the wisdom, the experience and the patriotism necessary for successful leadership, is to indict the intelligence, the capacity and the patriotism of that nation. We must search somewhat deeper than this for an explanation or a justification of the pro-monarchist agitation. Before discussing the genesis of the monarchist movement it may be well to state briefly the facts which have led up to it, with due regard to the reasons why Yüan Shih-k'ai has become the popular custodian of Chinese hopes and confidence.

The republic of China, proclaimed in the dawn of 1912, was the outcome of three converging progressive currents. The first current originated in the China Reform Society's movement in the early nineties. It is quite true, as the advocates of Chinese monarchy allege, that that movement was not a republican movement. But it is not true that even in 1893-95 there were no republicans among the daring and active spirits of the China Reform Society. The movement took its political color from the views of its chiefs, Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, who hoped to influence, along progressive lines, and particularly through the operation of a liberal constitution which they advocated, the existing Manchu dynasty. They did succeed in influencing the Emperor, Kwang Hsŭ, and thus came the memorable, if brief, Reform Era of the autumn of 1898. How far they might have gone in saving China while saving the Manchus if the young Emperor had been a little less radical, and his willingness to progress slowly a little more marked, it is, of course, needless and useless to speculate upon. The Empress Tzŭ Hsi, incited by the conservative and reactionary leaders, crushed the reform movement in the bud. While this movement was going forward, more radical southern Chinese were gradually developing strength under independent lead-

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ership. A series of events and circumstances placed at their head Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the " Peter the Hermit " of China's reform crusade. Sun roamed the globe talking reform and republicanism among the Chinese scattered abroad. And while he was thus engaged, while Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao were exiles from China with a price on their heads, as the third element named above, there were in the north of China, as well as in the south, Manchu and Chinese officials who recognized that progress and reform were necessary if China was to be saved from the " break-up" prophesied in Lord Charles Beresford's celebrated book. Most conspicuous among these progressive officials was Yüan Shih-k'ai.

The character and career of Yüan Shih-k'ai, like the character and career of Napoleon, are twin-subjects for a multitude of books. As long ago as 1888, when Yüan Shih-k'ai was Chinese Resident at Seoul, this great man, born in Changtehfu, Honan, in 1859, had begun to impress Chinese and foreigners as a force to be reckoned with when figuring out the future of China.

The former protegé of Li Hung-chang, he was the center of the Peking palace cabal in those stormy autumn days of 1898 when the Empress, Tzŭ Hsi, took back the power from the Emperor, Kwang Hsŭ, when he was striving over-hastily to modernize the Empire against the judgment and will of " the old Buddha." It was to Yüan Shih-k'ai that Kwang Hsŭ made the proposal to arrest and imprison the Empress. Yüan had organized and drilled China's first model army. It was a redoubtable force, which both factions desired to employ. But Yüan owed his preferment and power to the good graces of Tzŭ Hsi and the friendly offices of Tzŭ Hsi's favorite, Jung Lu, Yüan's " blood-brother." He threw in his lot with and bared his sword for the Empress Dowager, arousing the consequent enmity of Kwang Hsŭ and the weak but well-meaning Emperor's partisans. That was why Yüan was degraded and insulted by the regent, Ch'un, after the death of Kwang Hsŭ and of the Empress Dowager, who had really, largely under the influence of Yüan Shih-k'ai, set herself at the head of a genuine reform movement, though not a foolishly radical one. Kwang Hsŭ's testament was a virtual order to Ch'un that Yüan should be disgraced and beheaded. But Ch'un, although regent and the father of the baby Emperor, P'u Yi, dared not menace the life of Yüan Shih-k'ai.

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Every foreigner in China, and even those Chinese who resented Yüan's part in the palace contest, conceded the power and respected the wisdom of the man who, by unwavering persistence in what he believed to be his duty towards China, had become the strongest force in China. From the highest office in the land Yüan went into retirement, to emerge during the crisis of 1911 as the last prop of Manchu authority. It is entirely possible that if Yüan had so desired, he could have completely crushed the southern rebellion of 1911, as two years later he crushed that of 1913. But Yüan seems to have looked with an eye centered singly upon China's welfare. And so it came about that the edicts of abdication were issued on February 12, 1912, that on February 14 Dr. Sun Yat-sen resigned from the presidency of the southern republic, and that on February 15 Yüan Shih-k'ai was elected President of all China. He was inaugurated in Peking on March 10. From this brief sketch, it will be seen that Yüan Shih-k'ai actually represents the third of those three currents which, converging in 1912, caused the Chinese republic. He accepted the republic: he did not create it; and the republic accepted Yüan Shih-k'ai.

Owing to the unpractical visionary schemes of the members and their blocking of practical work the President was compelled to take matters very largely into his own hands. He suppressed the Parliament by mandate, when he might have suppressed it by brute force, as Oliver Cromwell suppressed the British Parliament at the crucial point in his career. I give this analogy, because others have compared the Chinese situation with that of England under Cromwell. If we are to stick to technicalities, it would probably be an accepted fact that Yüan has usurped authority. And it is therefore all the more remarkable that even the most vociferous Chinese radical republican assents to this usurpation. Foreigners in China not merely justify Yüan's acts, but they want to see him move even more rapidly in the direction of concentrating power within his own hands. It is well to remember that the foreigners doing business in China have so much faith in Yüan Shih-k'ai that in 1912 the bankers' syndicate lent China one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars without the approval of the legislature, and with grave doubt as to the technical legality of the act. That is a very remarkable testimony to Yüan's credit, even though, of course, the bankers knew that the Govern-

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ments of their powerful countries were back of them and that the security was ample. Now let us turn to the genesis of the pro-monarchist movement.

The most active leader of the monarchists is Mr. Yang Tu, who has been at least the visible and outward director of the monarchist organization, the Chou-an Huei (or "Peace Promotion Society") from its inception. Yang Tu was a subordinate lieutenant of Mr. K'ang Yu-wei and Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao in 1898. He accompanied these great constitutional monarchists into exile in Japan. A little later, however, when "the old Buddha" found it desirable to conciliate the constitutionalists, an emissary was sent by the Manchus to Tokyo, and Mr. Yang Tu returned to Peking as a Manchu official. The Chinese assert that he then became a very active apologist for the Manchus. But they say that Mr. Yang was one of the first to abandon the Manchus when Yüan went to their rescue.

It was while Dr. Goodnow was in Tokyo on his way to Peking that the first manifestations of the monarchist movement became evident. Japanese journalists talked to Dr. Goodnow about it. Dr. Goodnow declined to commit himself in any definite way. The manifesto of the Chou-an Huei, published in Peking on August 16, took as its text the memorandum written by Dr. Goodnow and presented to Yüan Shih-k'ai after Dr. Goodnow's arrival in Peking. Now, it is alleged by some of the opponents of monarchy in China, apparently on excellent authority, although to me it seems doubtful, that this manifesto was actually prepared by an official of the Japanese legation at Peking, and if this is a fact, it is very important. Because, in considering the origin as well as the merits of the monarchist agitation, it will not do to close one's eyes to what has recently come to pass between Japan and China. I hope, for Japan's sake as well as for the sake of China, that there will be no recurrence of the crisis of last May, when Japan menaced China by force, and, to quote the Chinese President, "humiliated China." But, to cite a Chinese saying, "What has passed is written on the jadestone of life."

It is interesting to read the following expression of opinion by Count Okuma, the Japanese Prime Minister, uttered on September 3:

> A nation, having failed in establishing a republican government, becomes inclined toward a monarchy. As to who the Chinese nation

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are going to crown, it should be the one first and foremost in the power of controlling China. From this point of view, it may seem natural that President Yüan Shih-k'ai should be enthroned. As to Japan's attitude toward the present situation in China, the Prime Minister sees no reason for intervention in such home affairs of the Chinese nation. If, however, Japanese interests in China are threatened, or the *status quo* affected, the monarchical movement should not be held as without concern. Anyhow, it is wise for us to take an attitude of watching and waiting for the present.

Some Chinese there are who read possible menace into the last two sentences of this statement. I hope that their forebodings are unjustified, but the Japanese demands look menacing and the late readiness to protest against the change do not lessen the menace.

Before taking up the question of how the movement has been received in China by Chinese and foreigners, it may be well to quote the following dispatch printed throughout the Orient on September 8:

The monarchical campaign is likely to be arrested in consequence of the Presidential message to the Tsancheng Yuan on September 6. The main cause of this step on the part of the President is said to be diplomatic circumstances. It is stated that a few days ago Admiral Tsai Ting-kan was dispatched to sound the Ministers to Peking. *The German Minister is reported to have stated that China would have to participate in the Peace Conference after the war, though its ending is not yet anticipated, and that if the war was over before the new Government of the restored monarchy was recognized by the Powers, China would be in danger of losing a voice in the conference with great loss on the part of China.* Consequently, a private meeting was held in the President's office on the 5th of September, as a result of which Yang Shih-chi, the senior Under-Secretary of State, was dispatched to the Tsancheng Yuan on the following day, declaring that the President himself holds an opinion against the restoration of a monarchy, as President of the republic. Thus, the monarchical campaign is apparently checked, but some alterations will be made in the regulations for election of president, by the enactment of the permanent constitution.

The President's message referred to was as follows:

It is now four years since I was entrusted by the people with the office of President of the Chinese republic. During these troublous years, fearing my ability to be equal to the task, I have labored with much misgiving and anxiety and have looked forward to the time when I shall be relieved and permitted to retire, but so long as I am in my present position it is my constant duty and responsibility, which admit of no evasion, to protect the country and people.

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It is my special duty to maintain the republic as the form of government.

Recently many citizens from the provinces have petitioned the acting Li Fah Yuan to change the form of government, a matter of State which is incompatible with my position as President; but as the office of president was conferred by the people, it should of course depend on the will of the people. Moreover, since the acting Li Fah Yuan is an independent organ and as such is free from outside interference, I should not, strictly speaking, express my views before the people, the country, or the acting Li Fah Yuan. As however any alteration in the form of government makes a radical and important change in the executive power and as I am chief executive, I feel, even at the risk of misinterpretation of my motives, that I cannot remain silent.

In my opinion, a change in the form of Government involves such a momentous change in the manifold relations of the State that it is a matter which demands most careful and serious consideration. If decided upon hastily serious obstacles will arise. It being my duty to maintain the general situation, I regard the proposed change as unsuitable to the circumstances of the country.

As to the petition of our citizens, their object is of course nothing other than to strengthen the foundation of the State and increase the prestige of the country. If the opinion of the majority of the people of the country is consulted, good and proper means will undoubtedly be found.

Furthermore, as the constitution of the republic is now being drafted, by due consideration of the conditions of the country, careful thought and mature discussion, a suitable and practicable law will be devised.

This is explicit, and nothing has since occurred to weaken the position assumed by the Chinese President. Recently a cablegram came from Peking explaining the steps being taken by the Chinese Government to ascertain the will of the people. In this cablegram Yüan Shih-k'ai tells us that the "reply of the Government" to petitions received advocating the restoration of monarchy "was that the matter should be referred to the national assembly for determination. But the people of the different provinces objected to this delay, which would be caused by convening the national assembly, and urged that the will of the nation could be ascertained by a quicker method. The Council of State, in compliance with the wishes of the people for a quicker decision, has made arrangements to secure such decision without delay. Now, the political powers of the republic of China rest with

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the people of the country. It is therefore for the people to decide what form of government they want."

The mandate then goes on to explain the organization of the national convention authorized on October 6:

> The provinces and other special political divisions of the country shall elect in all 1,834 representatives, each district being entitled to at least one representative.

Representation was also provided for Inner and Outer Mongolia, Tibet, Tsinghai, Eastern Turkestan, Manchuria, Mongolians and Chinese belonging to the eight banners, trade guilds within China and Chinese residing abroad, men who have rendered important patriotic service to the country, and the literati of old and Young China. These special classes were to elect one hundred and eighty-six representatives in all. Generally, the suffrage has been restricted to those authorized to vote for the national assembly.

Yüan Shih-k'ai suppressed the Kuomingtang as a seditious organization because the Kuomingtang plotted his destruction. There are Chinese of great ability and admitted patriotism who have expressed the opinion that upon the same principle he should have suppressed the Chou-an Huei. A distinguished English newspaper correspondent at Peking (Mr. William H. Donald) has said:

> The military party have been at the bottom of the movement for the re-establishment of the monarchical system of government from the outset. Ever since the establishment of the republic the President has been periodically approached by high military officials and urged to change the system of government. Invariably he replied that as a republic had been definitely established, it would be gravely improper for him even to discuss such a step. But, while their personal loyalty to the President has in no way diminished, the military officials have of late become more and more insistent, and as they were practically unanimous, it was impossible for the President with the solemn duty of preserving internal peace and concord always before him to dismiss them with a blank refusal. He was faced by a powerful body holding very emphatic views, and if he had persisted in an irreconcilable attitude, the result would probably have been the inception of intrigues and the formation of secret societies to bring about by force what he refused to grant. The President, therefore, was faced by a very difficult problem. The most despotic and autocratic ruler, if all his most powerful supporters were united in a desire to compel him to take a certain course, would not be able forcibly to resist them. That was exactly the position in which President Yüan Shih-k'ai found himself. He could not openly resist the

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demand made by the military party, the most powerful force in the State, but he could, and did, divert its activities into a proper and constitutional channel.

The Presidential message was in effect an intimation to the military clique that they must not take matters into their own hands and usurp the prerogatives of the people. They were told by the President in conciliatory but firm words that they must await the assembling of a National Convention. It is a remarkable demonstration of the real power exercised by the President that the military party, strong though it is, has acquiesced in its subordination to the people in general. The wise and prudent action taken by the President has prevented the problem respecting the form of government being solved by a military *coup d'état*, and has made possible a solution by the legally constituted organ of the people.

There seems to be a good deal of truth in what Mr. Donald says. He is a very fair-minded observer, and has proved himself both loyal and courageous in his interpretation of Chinese conditions.

From the first the country plunged into the discussion with a degree of warmth to be expected, considering the subject, even from such a cool-headed people as the Chinese. On September 2 Peking newspapers announced strong opposition on the part of Mr. Hsu Shih-chang, the Secretary of State, a long time friend and former protegé of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. Li Yuan-hung, Mr. Wang Ta-hsien, Vice-Chairman of the State Council, Mr. Chao Hsui-si, Minister of Finance, General Wang Shih-chen, Minister of War, and Mr. Tang Hua-lung, the Minister of Education. By common consent the opponents of monarchy seemed to turn for the formulation of their views to China's Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mr. Liang Ch'i-ch'iao, a monarchist, as I have said, and the connecting link between the present republic and the China Reform movement of the early nineties. I have read with great interest Mr. Liang's exhaustive criticism as published in the *Ta Chung Hua*.

Mr. Liang takes occasion to make two points clear to his readers. "I am not an upstart Jacobin, intoxicated with republican ideas," he says, "and am therefore neither in favor of the republican form of government nor prejudiced against any other." "Secondly," he says, "I am no bigoted conservative who clings to any particular dynasty like the heroes of Shou Yang and like Lu Lien." "No form of government is absolutely ideal," contends this brilliant Chinese scholar,—who, it is well to remember, resigned from

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the Chinese cabinet and from the vice-chairmanship of the constitutional committee in order to assert his views for the benefit of his countrymen. Mr. Liang has always opposed resort to force or revolution in any manner. But the strength of his opposition to the monarchical movement rests in the following statement: "My view is that if China is really in earnest for a constitution, the President should set the example himself by treating the constitutional compact as sacredly inviolable. Every letter of the compact should be carried out, and no attempt should be made to step beyond its limits." In other words, according to Mr. Liang, for weal or for woe China has ranged herself among the republics, and it is as futile as it is dangerous to discuss a restoration.

What have the monarchists to say for themselves? The extreme pro-monarchist view is stated in this editorial, printed in *Kuo Hwa Pao,* asserting the "divine right of Kings":

> If a throne is open for competition, there will not be lacking men who will compete for it; and the consequence of such a competition or struggle for the seat of power is internal disturbance. The presidency is a position which can be competed for by any person, but the position of emperor cannot be competed for.

A point which is made by writers on both sides is the necessity for a peaceful solution. And another distinguished Chinese writer, Mr. Hsu Fo-su, adduces the "triangular argument" that "a revolution will surely bring forth a republic; and a republic, because of distraction and disagreement, will as surely bring about the destruction of the nation." The editor of *Shih Pao* opposes to that view another "triangular argument." He says, "If a man opposes the monarchical movement and says that he has been an advocate of the monarchical system, he is open to mediation, and a man who is open to mediation is also capable of joining the Chou-an Huei. What do you say to that, Mr. Hsu?" Thus, while the cables tell us of bombs having been thrown, and several pro-monarchists assassinated out of hand, the Chinese vernacular newspapers would indicate that there is considerable good humor being manifested on both sides of the controversy.

Whatever the result of this agitation, it disposes very completely of assertions made from time to time that Yüan Shih-k'ai has "throttled the press in China." The news-

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papers are talking out just as our newspapers would under similar circumstances.

Are the majority of the Chinese and foreign observers in China too hasty in guessing what Yüan Shih-k'ai means to do? What are his intentions? No man knows. But sometime we may judge a man's intentions from his past. Yüan saved his ruler, the Empress dowager, from her young kinsman by marriage, the Emperor Kwang Hsŭ. Yüan saved the imperial son of his inveterate enemy, Ch'un, the regent. There is a Chinese President of the Chinese Republic who lives in the winter palace at Peking. Within rifle shot of Yüan's residence lives the little Manchu Emperor and the Manchu princes and their retainers. For, although it is frequently forgotten, when the republic began four years ago in China, the Manchu Emperor was retained in his title and his civil list. He is a pensioner of the Chinese Republic. It is a point to be remembered. Is Yüan Shih-k'ai planning to safeguard the republic against forces from without and within which seek either to restore the Manchu dynasty or to plunge China into disruption or disaster?

Already he has defied the military cabal. I am told on very good authority that his old friend Marshal Feng Kuo-chang, Chiang Ch'un (or Provostmarshal) of Kiangsu and Marshal Lu Ying-ting, Chiang Ch'un of Kiangsi, are standing by the republicans; and their example is likely to be followed by other able and popular army leaders. The wisdom and patriotism of Yüan Shih-k'ai have not as yet failed China. Is there any real reason for thinking that he will fail now? Thrice during the Manchu crisis he declined a marquisate, and twice when the late Empress Lung Yu invited him to ascend the throne he refused. The elections seem to show that a crown will be offered to Yüan Shih-k'ai; it may be that real public opinion ascertained for him in other ways will declare to the contrary. In either case it may well be that Yüan Shih-k'ai will confound those who, throughout his career, have accused him of plotting and planning for his own ambition; that he will consolidate at his back the growing strength of southern Chinese progressive opinion; and so at last find himself free to carry into effect, with the certainty of popular approval, those great practical reforms which are vitally necessary in China, in order that she may stand upon her own feet and be no longer menaced by fear of foreign aggression.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

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# NAVAL PREPAREDNESS.

BY REAR ADMIRAL BRADLEY A. FISKE, U. S. N.

In the preceding number of the Review the present writer endeavored to show why it is that the necessities of the naval defense of a country have caused the gradual development of different types of vessels, each having its distinctive work. If those different types operated in separate localities they would lose that mutual support which it is the aim of organization to secure, and each separate group could be destroyed in turn by the combined groups of an enemy. For this reason, the types or groups are combined in one large fleet, and an admiral is placed in command.

The command of a fleet is the highest effort of the naval art. Its success in time of war demands in the admiral himself a high order of mind and nerve and body; and it demands in all the personnel, from the highest to the lowest, such a measure of trained ability and character that each shall be able to discharge with skill and courage the duties of his station.

In order that the material fleet shall be efficient as a whole, each material unit must be efficient as a unit. Each ship must be materially sound; each pump, valve, cylinder, gun, carriage, torpedo, and individual appliance, no matter how small, must be in condition to perform its expected task. The complexity of a fleet baffles any mental effort, by even those most familiar with it, to grasp it fully. Each dreadnought, battle cruiser, destroyer, submarine, collier, tender, hospital ship, scout supply ship, and what not, is a machine in itself, and is filled with scores—in some cases, hundreds—of highly specialized machines, operated by steam, oil, air, electricity and water. A super-dreadnought is a machine which, including the machines inside of her, costs fifteen million dollars.

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The personnel is nearly as complicated as the material. Not only are there all the various ranks of commissioned officers in the line, medical corps, pay corps, marine corps, etc., but there are ten kinds of warrant officers besides; while in the enlisted personnel there are ninety-one different "ratings" in the navy, and thirteen in the marine corps, besides temporary ratings, such as gun pointer, gun trainer, gun captain, etc. Each rank and rating carries its rigidly prescribed duties, as well as its distinctive uniform and pay. That such a multitudinous host of types and individuals, both material and personnel, can be actually incarnated in one unit fleet, and that fleet operated as a mobile directible organism by its Admiral, is a high achievement of the human intellect.

How is it done?

By discipline, by training, by knowledge, by energy, by devotion, by will; by the exercise of those mental, moral and spiritual faculties that may be grouped under the one term "mind": the same power that co-ordinates and controls a still more complex machine, the organism of the human body.

Despite its relative crudeness, a fleet possesses, more fully than any other fruit of man's endeavor, the characteristics of an organism, defined by Webster as "an individual constituted to carry on the activities of life by means of parts or organs more or less separate in function, but mutually dependent." And though it must be true that no fleet can approximate the perfection of nature's organisms, nevertheless there is an analogy which may help us to see how a complex fleet of complex vessels has been slowly evolved from the simple galley fleets of earlier days; how its various parts may be mutually dependent yet severally independent; and how all must be made to work as one vast unit, and directed as one vast unit by the controlling mind towards "the end in view."

The common idea is that an army consists of a number of soldiers, and a navy of a number of ships. This idea is due to a failure to realize that soldiers and ships are merely instruments, and that they are useless instruments unless directed by a trained intelligence; that the first essential in an army and the first essential in a navy is mind, which first correctly estimates the situation, then makes wise plans to meet it, then carries out those plans.

Mind, when specially directed toward a given task, acts

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as a trained intelligence. This trained intelligence organizes the men and designs the ships, and then directs the physical power exertable by the men and the ships towards "the end in view." From this standpoint, armies and navies do not differ from each other, except in the fact that armies use men and instruments fitted for warfare on the land, while navies use men and instruments fitted for warfare on the sea.

Due to the enormous mechanical power made available in ships by the floating properties of water, machinery is more used by navies than by armies; but this does not mean that machinery can take the place of men more successfully in navies than in armies, except in the sense that navies can use more mechanical power. The abundant use of machines and instruments in navies does not mean that machinery and instruments can take the place of trained intelligence,—but exactly the reverse. Under the guidance of trained intelligence, a machine or instrument can perform wonders. But it is not the machinery that does the wonders: it is the trained intelligence that devised the instrument or machine, and the trained intelligence that operates it. Let the trained intelligence err, or sleep, and note the results that follow. The *Titanic,* a mass of 40,000 tons, moving through the water at 20 knots an hour, a marvel of the science and skill of man, crashes into an iceberg, because the trained intelligence directing her errs—and is reduced at once to an inert mass of iron and brass. The mighty fleet of Russia meets the Japanese fleet in Tsushima Straits; and because the trained intelligence that directed its movements seriously erred, in an engagement decided in less than an hour, is stripped of its power and glory, and transformed into a disorganized aggregation of separate ships—some sunk, some sinking, some in flight. The Japanese fleet, on the other hand, because it is directed with an intelligence more highly trained than that which directs the Russian fleet, and because, in consequence, the officers and enlisted men perform their various duties not only in the actual battle, but in preparation for it, with a skill greater than that used in the Russian fleet, suffers but little damage in the fight—though the advantage in number and size of ships is slightly with the Russians. As a consequence of that battle, the war between Russia and Japan was decided in favor of Japan, and terms of peace were soon agreed upon. Russia lost practically all



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the ships that took part in the battle, and several thousand of their officers and sailors—and *she lost the whole object for which she went to war.*

The difference between the Russian and Japanese fleets that gave the victory to the Japanese was a difference in trained intelligence and in the relative degrees of preparedness which that difference caused.

During the actual battle, the intelligence was that of the officers and men in the respective fleets, in managing the two fleets, the ships themselves, and the guns, engines and machines of all kinds that those ships contained. It is this factor—trained intelligence—that has decided most of the battles of history, and the course that nations thereafter followed. Battles have usually been fought between forces not very different in point of numbers and material, for the reason that a force obviously weaker than another would not fight unless compelled to fight; and in cases where two forces of widely differing strength have fought, the situation has usually been brought about directly by a superior intelligence. In fact, one of the most frequent and important endeavors of strategy and tactics—used triumphantly by Napoleon—has always been such a handling of one's forces as to be superior to the enemy at the point of contact—to "get the mostest men there the firstest," as General Forrest is said to have expressed it.

The effect of superior trained intelligence is greatest "at the top," but it can accomplish little unless a fine intelligence permeates the whole. A fine intelligence at the top will so direct the men below, will so select men for the various posts, and will so co-ordinate their efforts, that the organization will resemble a veritable organism: all the various organs fulfiling separately yet accurately their allotted functions; all the fire-control parties, all the gun crews, all the torpedo crews, all the engineer forces properly organized and drilled; all the hulls of the vessels, all the guns, all the torpedoes, all the multifarious engines, machines and instruments in good material condition, and correctly adjusted for use.

But it is not only in the actual battle that fine intelligence is required: it is required long before the battle and far distant from the scene,—in the "Admiralty" at home. The Japanese fleet set out fully manned with a highly trained, enthusiastic and confident personnel; the Russian fleet set out manned with a poorly trained and discouraged personnel,

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only too well aware of their defects. The issue at Tsushima was decided before the respective fleets left their respective homes,—though that issue was not then known to mortals. The battle emphasized, but did not prove, what had been proved a hundred times before: the paramount importance of preparedness: that *when two forces fight—the actual battle merely secures the decision as to the relative values of two completed machines, and their degrees of preparedness for use.*

Preparedness of material is not, of course, so important as preparedness of personnel, because if the personnel is prepared, they will inevitably prepare the material. And the preparedness must pervade all grades: for while it is true that the preparedness of those in high command is more important than the preparedness of those in minor posts, yet there is no post so lowly that its good or its ill performance will not be a factor in the net result. An unskilful oiler may cause a hot bearing that will slow down a battleship, and put out of order the column of a squadron; a signalman's mistake may throw a fleet into confusion.

Perfect preparedness of personnel and material is essential because events follow each other so rapidly in war that no preparation can be made after it has begun. To fight is the most intense work a man can do; and a war is nothing but a fight. No matter how great or how small a war may be, no war can lose the essential qualities of a fight, or be more brutal or less brutal when fought between two little savage tribes, than when fought between two colossal groups of Christian nations, civilized to the highest point. War is the acme of the endeavor of man. Each side determines that it will win at all costs and at all hazards; that nobody's comfort, happiness or safety shall receive the slightest consideration; that everybody's strength and courage must be worked to the limit by night as well as by day, and that there must be no rest and no yielding to any softening influence whatever: that the whole strength and mind of the nation, and of every individual in it, must be devoted, and must be sacrificed if need be, to the cause at stake.

In war, a navy's primary duty has usually been to protect the coast and trade routes of its country; and in order to do this, it has had to be able to oppose to an attacking fleet a defending fleet more militarily effective. If it were less effective, even if no invasion were attempted, the attack-

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ing fleet could cripple or destroy the defending fleet and then institute a blockade. In modern times an effective blockade, or at least a hostile patrol of trade routes, could be held hundreds of miles from the coast, where the menace of submarines would be negligible; and this blockade would stop practically all import and export trade. This would compel the country to live exclusively on its own resources, and renounce intercourse with the outside world. Some countries could exist a long time under these conditions. But they would exist merely, and the condition of mere existence would never end until they sued for peace; because, even if new warships were constructed with which to beat off the enemy, each new and untrained ship would be sunk or captured shortly after putting out to sea as, on June 1, 1813, in Massachusetts Bay, the American frigate *Chesapeake* was captured and nearly half her crew were killed and wounded in fifteen minutes by a ship almost identical in the material qualities of size and armament: the better trained British frigate *Shannon.*

For these reasons, every nation that has acquired and has long retained prosperity, has realized that every country liable to be attacked by any navy must either be defended by some powerful country, or else must keep a navy ready to repel the attack successfully. To do this, the defending navy must be ready when the attack comes; because if not ready then, it will never have time to get ready. In regard to our own country, much stress is laid by some intelligent people—who forget the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*—on the three thousand miles of water stretching between the United States and Europe. This three thousand miles is of course a factor of importance, but it is not a prohibition, because it can be traversed with great surety and quickness—with much greater surety and quickness, for instance, than the 12,000 miles traversed by the Russian fleet, eleven years ago, in steaming from Russia to Japan.

The three thousand miles that separate the United States from Europe can be traversed by a fleet more powerful than ours in from two to three weeks; and the fleet would probably arrive on our shores in good condition, and manned by full crews of well trained officers and men, habituated to their duties by recent practice and thoroughly ready to fight, as the *Shannon* was. We could not meet this fleet successfully unless we met it with a fleet more militarily effective; and we could not do this unless we had in the regular service and the

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reserve a personnel of officers and men sufficiently numerous to man immediately all the vessels that would be needed, and to man in addition all the shore stations, which would have to be expanded to a war basis. The officers and enlisted men of course would have to be at least as well trained as the corresponding personnel in the attacking fleet, and have as recent and thorough practice in their respective duties; for otherwise, no matter how brave and devoted they might be, the fate of the American fleet would be the fate of the *Chesapeake*.

In order to be ready when war breaks, the first essential is a plan for preparation. Preparation is divided naturally into two parts: first, preparation of sufficient material and personnel; second, preparation of plans for the conduct of the war after it has begun. These two parts are both considered in what are technically called "War Plans."

Preparation for war has always been known to be essential. Lack of preparation has never been due to lack of knowledge, but always to neglect. The difference between the wise and the foolish virgins was not a difference in knowledge but a difference in character. The difference betweeen Alexander's little army and the tremendous army of Darius was not so much in numbers as in preparedness. Trained under Philip of Macedon for many years, organized for conquest and aggression, prepared to meet any situation that might arise, Philip's army carried Philip's son from victory to victory, and made him the master of the world. Caesar was great in peace as well as war, but it was by Caesar's army that Caesar's greatness was established; and it was a thoroughness of preparation unknown before that made Caesar's army great. Napoleon's successes were built on the splendid preparation of a mind transcendently fitted to grasp both principles and details and on the comparatively unprepared state of his opponents.

The Great Elector began in 1640 a course of laborious and scientific preparation which committed all Prussia, as well as the army, to acquiring what now we call "efficiency." As this plan developed, especially under the Elector's grandson King Frederick William, the next king found himself, as Alexander had done, the chief of an army more highly prepared for war than any other. By means of that army he made himself Frederick the Great, and raised Prussia from a minor position to the first rank of European Powers. Pur-

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suing Frederick William's system of progressive preparation, Prussia continued her prosperous course till William I defeated Austria, then France, and founded the German Empire. This does not mean that the only result of developing national efficiency to its highest point is to secure success in war—in fact, we know that it is not. But it does mean that the same quality—efficiency—which tends to prosperity in peace tends also to victory in war.

Preparing for war was a simple thing in the olden days, compared with preparing now, for the reason that the implements of war are much more numerous and complicated than they used to be, especially in navies. A navy is not ready unless all preparations and plans have been made, tested, and kept up to date, to ensure that all of the vessels of every kind and all the shore stations will be in material condition, fully equipped and manned by a sufficient and efficient personnel of officers and crews, in time to meet the enemy on advantageous terms, and unless the central authority has already decided what it will do, when any probable emergency shall arise. This was the condition of the German army in 1870. This was also the condition of the British Navy, when war broke out in August, 1914; the British Navy was ready; and therefore it was able to assume command of the sea at once, drive its enemy's commerce from the ocean, and imprison its fleets in sheltered ports.

In all countries the peace establishment of the army and navy is smaller than the war establishment, for reasons of economy, upon the assumption that there will be enough time after war is declared to get on a war basis before the enemy can strike. But since 1870, all the military nations have realized that the vital struggle of a war takes place *before* a shot is fired; that *the factors that decide which nation shall be the victor and which the vanquished, are determined before the war begins;* that they are simply "functions" of preparedness. Germany was ready not only for war but for victory, because she had sufficient troops, regular and reserve, enlisted, organized, equipped and highly trained; and because Von Moltke and the General Staff had pursued careful studies of all probable situations during the thirteen years preceding, and had reached well digested general decisions as to what to do in almost any situation that might arise.

The relative conditions in which two opposing forces will

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enter a war, and their relative performances afterwards, will depend upon the relative excellence of the war plans made for them and the thoroughness with which the plans are tested before war breaks. So it is not difficult to see why all the great armies have patterned after Germany, and organized special bodies of officers for the preparation and execution of war plans; and why it is that they endeavor to secure for that peculiar duty the most thorough and industrious of their officers. Due to the nature of war itself, the principles of warfare apply in their essentials to navies as well as to armies; and so the navies have patterned after the armies and made plans whereby they can get ready to fight in fleet organization on the ocean with the greatest possible effectiveness in the shortest possible time.

During peace times every navy is maintained on a "peace basis"; only such ships and other material being kept in full commission, and only such a number of officers and enlisted men being actively employed, as the appropriations allotted by the Government permit. Those ships and other material that are not actually in commission are maintained in reserve, a condition of partial readiness, of which several degrees are recognized, in which a reduced number of officers and men are kept on board, and the various structures and apparatus are kept in as high a degree of readiness as circumstances will permit. In order to man in time of war these vessels in reserve, and ensure a sufficient personnel in the active fleet, a "Naval Reserve" is organized in each country, composed of officers and men who have had experience in the regular navy. They are compelled to undergo a specific amount of training each year, to keep themselves in readiness at all times to answer the call for active service on short notice, and to maintain such communication with the Government as will make it easy to locate any man at any moment.

The act of getting ready, the passing from a state of peace to a state of readiness for fighting, is called "mobilization." Mobilization plans are an important element in war plans, but the details of any mobilization plan are of such a confidential nature that it would not be proper to discuss them in public print. There can be no impropriety, however, in making the general statement that in all navies the endeavor is made to keep the mobilization plans continually up to date, and to have them prepared in such detail that every officer and enlisted man in active service, the retired list, the Naval

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Reserve, and the Naval Militia, will become instantly available for a pre-determined duty, and that every shore station and every necessary vessel will be ready to take part. The plans prescribe methods in very great detail whereby the ships and other vessels in reserve can be quickly put into commisssion with full crews of officers and men, all their various equipments, fuel and ammunition put on board, and the vessels themselves sent out to sea to join the fleet. In addition, plans are made whereby certain auxiliaries can be fitted out at once and put into commission,—such as supply ships, ammunition ships, transports, colliers, mine ships, hospital ships, etc. The mass of detailed plans, orders, and instructions is stupendous and bewildering. Years of study, trial, and rectification are required to get them into such condition that the plans can be put into immediate and effective use when war breaks. The work must be done, however, and with the utmost thoroughness, *before* war breaks; otherwise it will never be done, if an active enemy is about, because he will strike at once—and then it will be too late.

In most of the great naval countries the work of mobilizing the fleet is comparatively easy, for the reason that the coast line is short and is not far from any part of the interior, enabling reserves to live in fairly close touch with the coast and with naval affairs, and so near the coast that they can get quickly to any port. But the conditions in the United States are more difficult than those in any other country, because of the enormous stretch of our coast, the great average distance from any place in our country to the coast, the difficulty of getting a Naval Reserve that could be of practical use (due to the ease with which young men can make a comfortable living on the land), and the perilous slowness of the nation as a whole to realize the necessity for preparedness.

As an offset to this, we have the 3,000 miles of ocean between us and Europe, and the 5,000 miles between us and Asia; and on account of this we may to a certain extent discount the danger of attack and the preparedness required to meet it. But our discount should be reasonable and reasoned out, and certainly not excessive. Fortunately the problem of how much time we should allow for mobilizing and joining the fleet is easy, as a moment's thought will show us that it must be simply the two weeks needed for a fleet to come from Europe to America; for we must realize that the re-

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port of the sailing of the hostile fleet would be the first news we should get of any hostile preparation or intent.

The general situation in which every isolated naval nation stands regarding other nations is not complicated, but very plain. Each nation has, as possible opponents in its policy, certain countries. The naval forces of those countries and the time in which they can be made ready are known with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes. If any isolated naval nation wishes to carry out a policy which any of those countries will forcibly oppose she must either build a navy equal to that of the other country, or else be prepared to abandon any attempt to force her policies. Stating the question in another way, she can carry out only such policies as do not require for their enforcement a navy stronger than she has.

It is true that diplomacy and the jealousies of foreign Powers unite to make possible the averting of war during long periods of time. Diplomacy averted war from Germany for forty-three years, but it could not continue to avert war eternally. War finally broke with a violence unparalleled in history, and possessing a magnitude proportional to the length of duration of the preceding peace. "Long coming long last, short notice soon past" is a sailor's maxim about storms; and it seems not inapplicable to wars. Certain it is that the frequent wars of savage tribes are far less terrible than the infrequent wars of enlightened Powers.

This indicates that, even though a nation may be able to avert war for a long time, war will come some day, in a form which the present war foreshadows; and it suggests the possibility that the longer the war is averted, the more tremendous it will be, the greater the relative unpreparedness of a slothful nation, and the sharper her punishment when war finally breaks upon her.

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# PROHIBITION AND POLITICS—II

BY L. AMES BROWN

In the present paper my purpose is to present data as to the steps by which the prohibition movement has been nationalized, and as to its political status, with the view of formulating some indications of the progress that may be expected for it in the immediate future. At the outset, we meet the curious anomaly of our politics that the success of the advocates of States' rights in forcing the Webb Interstate Liquor Shipment Law through Congress over the veto of President Taft paved the way for the agitation of the Hobson movement for national prohibition.

This law provides that the transportation of intoxicants from one State into another State, "which is intended by any person interested therein to be received, possessed, sold, or in any manner used, either in the original package or otherwise, in violation of any law of such State, Territory, or District of the United States, or place non-contiguous to but subject to the jurisdiction thereof, is hereby prohibited."

President Taft declared the enactment to be a clear violation of the Constitution, holding it "in substance and effect a delegation by Congress to the States of the power of regulating interstate commerce in liquors, which is vested exclusively in Congress." In his veto message, Mr. Taft said:

> If Congress, however, may in addition entirely suspend the operation of the interstate-commerce clause upon a lawful subject of interstate commerce and turn the regulation of interstate commerce over to the States in respect to it, it is difficult to see how it may not suspend interstate commerce in respect to every subject of commerce wherever the police power of the State can be exercised to hinder or obstruct that commerce. I can not think that the framers of the Constitution, or that the people who adopted it, had in mind for a

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moment that Congress could thus nullify the operation of a clause whose useful effect was deemed so important, and which in fact has contributed so much to the solidarity of the Nation and the prosperity that has followed unhampered, nation-wide trade.

Congress overruled Mr. Taft's veto by a vote of 244 to 95 in the House, and 63 to 21 in the Senate. The liquor interests made no effort to prevent the passage of the measure, being advised that it represented merely an effort to appease the temperance sentiment of the country through the passage of a "harmless" law, and there is no doubt that some members of the House voted for the measure because they believed it harmless, seeing an opportunity to make political friends of temperance workers without making any political enemies. Representative Webb, the chairman of the House Committee on Judiciary and the author of the law in question, in a recent communication to me regarding the measure, said:

> This law, strictly speaking, is not a prohibition law, it is rather a local option measure which gives to the States the absolute right to control the troublesome liquor question for themselves. As to the constitutionality of the law, I feel quite secure in the belief that it will be upheld by unanimous court when the Supreme Court comes to pass upon it. I may be too sanguine in this matter, but my three years' study of this question brings me to that conclusion.

The Anti-Saloon League's campaign for national prohibition was launched formally at the Twenty-Year Jubilee Convention of the League held in Columbus, Ohio, November, 1913. This campaign resulted, in December, 1914, in a vote by the House of Representatives upon the Hobson resolution to submit a prohibition Constitutional amendment to a vote of the States. This test of strength was not of the prohibitionists' seeking, as is attested by an interview given out by Representative Hobson in the Fall of 1914, charging that the opponents of the resolution were forcing a vote in the hope of smothering it, and thus affecting the prohibition compaign unfavorably. It was a fact that Representative Underwood, of Alabama, the majority leader of the House, and at that time a candidate for the Senate in Alabama in opposition to Representative Hobson, was the prime mover in the plan for bringing out the Hobson resolution from the Judiciary Committee and providing for a vote under a special rule. President Wilson, in so far as he exerted any influence in the parliamentary

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situation, upheld Mr. Underwood. A short time before the vote the President refused to sanction a well-worked-out plan of the House leaders to shelve the resolution. The President informed his friends in the House that he did not believe the Democratic Party ought to accept the responsibility of preventing a vote on a measure of such intense popular interest. It is true also that both sides to the contest recognized that the Hobson resolution would fail of passage. Indeed, the test of strength was regarded as important solely for its possible psychological effect upon the country. The issue thus joined eventuated disastrously for the opponents of prohibition, for the Hobson resolution received a vote four in excess of a majority of the voting membership,

Certain aspects of the vote on the Hobson resolution should be noted as having significance with reference to the future of the movement. For one thing, the suffrage movement and the Hobson movement found common ground in 106 Congressional districts despite the fundamental divergence, between the one which seeks to increase the rights of individuals, and the other which would deprive them of an established right. One hundred and six members who voted affirmatively on the Hobson resolution voted a few weeks later for the Mondell suffrage resolution. This was indubitable evidence that 106 Congressmen believed their districts favored both suffrage and prohibition, supporting the traditional claim of the temperance workers that the prohibition movement would be strengthened by equal suffrage as against the declarations of some anti-suffragists that women have not fought the liquor traffic in States where they have been given the vote.

The next step in the nationalization of the prohibition movement came in January, 1915, when the prohibitionists waged a strenuous and almost victorious fight in the Senate for the incorporation of a prohibition rider in the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill. An amendment to the District bill to foist prohibition upon the people of the District without a referendum was offered by Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas. Insistence by the opposition that the Sheppard motion to suspend the rules and consider his rider be referred to the Committee on Rules produced the first test of strength. The vote was 37 ayes, 34 noes, and 25 not voting. The Rules Committee made a favorable report upon the Sheppard amendment, and the fight then narrowed down to

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the consideration of a motion to suspend the rules. The prohibitionists contended that the rules could be suspended by a majority vote. The opposition held out successfully for a two-thirds vote.

The prohibitionists, with one or two exceptions, refused to listen to suggestions that the legislation be submitted to a vote of the District of Columbia, thus disregarding the principle of self-government which they had agitated so vigorously in local option campaigns. It is noteworthy that the Senators who are regarded as close friends of the Wilson Administration held out for a referendum, and I have good reasons for stating that if the District of Columbia Appropriation Bill had come to him embodying a provision for prohibition without a referendum, President Wilson would have vetoed it.

The movement for prohibition in the District of Columbia will probably be revived at the next session of Congress, with a promise of success. That the movement may succeed is to be attributed to the fact that a large proportion of Congressmen regard the District of Columbia as a little Poland, whereon it is good sport to try out reform legislation which may interest the people "back home." It is a fair but saddening commentary upon the ways of legislatures that the last Congress considered the District of Columbia a fit subject for experimental legislation, without regard for the sentiment of the people to be affected. The House of Representatives was eager for an opportunity to concur in the Senate amendment, had the Sheppard fight succeeded in the upper body. Among fair-minded people without the pale of political ambition, the Sheppard fight had an appreciable influence in favor of local self-government for the District of Columbia.

The prohibition forces of to-day are organized with a degree of efficiency attained by few movements in the history of the Republic. Their efficiency of organization prevents us effectually from drawing a parallel between the Dow movement and the Hobson movement. The power of that portion of public opinion which now supports the demand for national prohibition is exerted upon Congress and State political bodies and in elections through the Anti-Saloon League of America. The League organizes and manages every important prohibition fight made in the country, and maintains at Washington one of the most powerful lobbies

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ever seen at the National Capital. It is known as the National Legislative Headquarters of the League, and is in charge of Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, National Legislative Superintendent. It is a lobby clearly within the sense of the term accepted in modern American politics. Its representatives, backed by an organized influence of public opinion, are enabled to dictate the attitude of a considerable number of Congressmen on a pending question, with the result that Congressmen oftentimes are driven to vote against their own views and their own consciencies in favor of measures advocated by the lobby. Speaking of his views on excess of so-called reform legislation, President Taft made the following observations upon the most recent fight conducted by the prohibition lobby in the House of Representatives:

> This excess of legislation I attribute to two causes. The first was the erroneous belief that any reform could be accomplished merely by legislation, and the second was that legislators were prone to enact laws not because they believed their enforcement would do any good, or because they had their enforcement in mind, but only because their votes would profit them politically. Due to this last cause, whenever a part of the electorate in a Congressional district, not a majority, but supposed to hold the balance of power, threaten to plump their votes for or against a Congressional candidate on a particular issue, and without regard to their own party affiliations, they were able to frighten legislators into the legislation which they as a minority group demanded. In this wise the amendment for national prohibition secured a majority of the members of the House of Representatives. Many members voted for it who are not really in favor of it, nor did a majority of their constituents demand it. Such members voted for it merely to secure the approval and support of a comparatively small element in the electorate, whose votes they feared might defeat them if they voted their own conviction.

Little needs to be added to President Taft's disapprobation of the working of the prohibition lobby. It is true, as he points out, that the Representatives of minorities in scores upon scores of Congressional districts were enabled by the compactness of their organization and the threat of their implacable opposition in the future, to induce Congressmen to yield their conscientious opposition to the Hobson resolution. The harmful effect of such a lobbying enterprise upon our system of government does not admit of controversy. It is inimical to the very spirit of our governmental institutions, in that it would remove the legislative power from Congress itself, in so far as the matter of pro-

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hibition is concerned, and place this power in the hands of the Anti-Saloon League. A lobby always has been condemned by the American people. The very term "lobby" has been anathema in American politics. Until the appearance of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Dinwiddie, those who exerted "a concerted influence" upon Congress did their work secretly and under cover. The Anti-Saloon League has been utterly fearless in its operations, however, and has made no effort to cloak its activities in the corridors of the House of Representatives. The justification of the League leaders that their Congressional lobby is "seeking to put through Congress measures for the public good, touching the traffic in intoxicating liquors," does not seem to me to be adequate. The disapproval which the American people have maintained to all lobbying grew out of a more fundamental thought than could be involved in the character of the legislation sought. The essential factor in this disapproval was that a concerted effort was being made to substitute for the judgment of Congress the judgment of a certain element in the electorate.

The Anti-Saloon League nationalized the prohibition movement of to-day. It managed the fight for the enactment of the Webb Law in 1913. The managers of the League, and not Representative Hobson, of Alabama, furnished the real leadership of the fight for the Hobson resolution in 1915; indeed, Hobson was little more than a figurehead in the fight, the spokesman of the Anti-Saloon League leaders, who directed things from the cloak rooms. Not Hobson but Mr. Dinwiddie and his colleagues of the Anti-Saloon League leadership figuratively cracked the whip over the heads of the cravens and weaklings in the House, and brought to terms the men who shuddered at the threat of political opposition by the Anti-Saloon element, and of being branded with the stigma of the Whiskey Trust. The prohibition lobbyists in that fight gave cards and spades to the representatives of the liquor interests who had come to Washington. It was a sullen House of Representatives who voted by a majority of four to submit the Hobson resolution, a House of Representatives who acted under compulsion, but who, despite their sullenness, did not dare to assert their independence.

The Anti-Saloon League political leaders make no secret of their political activities. I quote the following from a let-

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ter written me by General Superintendent P. A. Baker, in September, 1915:

> While the League has a political department, it is absolutely omni-partisan. It seeks the nomination of men opposed to the liquor traffic on all party tickets for positions having to do with the enactment or the enforcement of laws touching the liquor traffic. Its appeal to those whom it can influence is—when such men are not nominated on all party tickets—to be large enough to vote for a good man on the opposite ticket rather than a bad man on their own. It has no alliance with any political party. It does not permit itself to be used in the interest of any candidate for any position that does not have to do with the drink traffic. Our legislative office at Washington may justly be called a lobby seeking to put through Congress measures for the public good touching the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It differs from other lobbies in the respect that it has no relation to personal gain or personal advancement. It is the Christian forces of the country mobilized and brought to bear in an organized way upon the Congress of the United States upon the one issue.

This powerful organization began its activities in 1893, having been founded upon a temperance organization local to Oberlin, Ohio. It began with local option fights in Ohio, and now has succeeded in mobilizing the prohibition forces of the country, and the composite influence of thirty-eight State organizations is exerted wherever the prohibition issue is involved in an election.

The League is well provided with funds. The income of the various State organizations, together with that of the national organization, was approximately $1,500,000 last year. Whence came these large war funds is more or less a mystery. It has been charged by opponents that they represent "Rockefeller money" and contributions of other big interests. Mr. Carnegie as well as Mr. Rockefeller have been mentioned at times as heavy contributors.

One of the chief sources of power of the League is the remarkable efficiency it has displayed in paying off old political scores. The implacability of the organization's enmity against men who have thwarted its plans is Jesuitical, and the typical seeker after office would rather incur the opposition of any other organization. The leaders of the prohibition movement have thought it worth while in many cases to make great sacrifices of energy and money to defeat candidates who had opposed them in earlier parts of their careers. A conspicuous instance of this sort was the defeat

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of Myron T. Herrick for a second term as Governor of Ohio. In 1904, by threatening to exercise his veto power, Governor Herrick succeeded in having the Brannock Local Option Bill amended by the Ohio Legislature to an extent which the Anti-Saloon League managers considered rendered the measure worthless. Herrick was elected for his first term by a majority of 113,000. The Republican Party had carried the State in 1904 by more than 255,000. In 1905 the Republican State ticket was elected by normal majorities with the exception of Governor Herrick, who, to quote from an Anti-Saloon League publication, "went down to defeat before an avalanche of Christian protest, which buried him under a majority of 44,000 strong."

The black list of the League has been a growing one in the past few years. It is published in the annual Year Book, and now includes every member of the House or Senate, who in 1914 voted against the Webb measure or the motion to override the veto of President Taft; every member who voted against the Hobson resolution in 1914; and every member of the Senate who did not follow the leadership of Senator Sheppard, of Texas, in his effort to foist prohibition upon the people of the District of Columbia.

Serious charges of misrepresentation and actual dishonesty in State campaigns have been made against the prohibitionists by the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association. Charges are made that petitions having faked signatures have been submitted to State legislatures, and that subterfuges have been resorted to in order to secure signatures to these petitions. It is probable, however, that these incidents, if they really are authentic, are isolated, and the chief harm done by the propaganda is in the circulation of literature, such as Congressman Hobson's speech in Congress a year ago, containing such unverified statements as the announcement that 730,000 people die annually from alcoholism, an utterance which Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, undoubtedly had in mind when he observed in one of the Senate debates:

"Not long ago I checked up the utterances of a very distinguished prohibitionist, and he mentioned the fact that a certain number of people in America went to their graves each year from the liquor habit. It struck me as an enormous number of people, and I thought maybe I had better look into it, and I found that alcohol by his account had sent



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to their graves in America about 100,000 more people than had in that year died in all America."

With their political plans already well defined, the prohibitionists are enabled to devote their energies to activities within the various political parties in the period when the parties themselves have not settled down to the serious work of the pre-convention campaigns. Three distinct purposes have been fixed upon by the prohibition managers. First, the fight for the adoption of the Hobson resolution will be renewed at the next session of Congress convening December 1st, 1915. Second, an effort will be made to secure the nomination of Presidential candidates favorable to the Hobson resolution by the Democratic and Republican parties, and to secure platform declarations favoring the submission of the issue to a vote of the States from the national conventions of the two parties. Third, the prohibitionists will take a vigorous part in practically all of the Congressional elections in 1916, in the hope of bringing about the election of a Congress so strongly in favor of submitting the prohibition issue to the States that, regardless of the attitude of the next President, it will be impossible to prevent the passage of the Hobson resolution after March 4th, 1917.

It is to be expected that the Anti-Saloon League's chosen successor to Representative Hobson, as its spokesman in the House of Representatives, will reintroduce the Hobson resolution a few days after the reconvening of the next session. The measure will be referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which Representative Webb, of North Carolina, author of the Interstate Liquor Shipment Law, is chairman. The committee will give a favorable report on the resolution, and it then will be necessary to seek a special rule from the Committee on Rules to allow its early consideration in the House. Representative Henry, of Texas, chairman of the Committee on Rules, is opposed to the resolution, having decried the agitation of the issue in recent campaign speeches, but his opposition will not suffice to prevent the passage of a rule when the prohibitionists make a determined fight for it. The prohibitionists will insist upon this test of strength in the House for the sake of the moral effect of a repetition of the majority vote secured a year ago. They are hopeful that even a larger vote may be secured, but the most optimistic do not expect the two-thirds vote, which would be necessary

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for the submission of a Constitutional amendment to the States.

Frank avowals have been made by the prohibitionists of their intention to exert their full influence in the pre-convention and post-convention stages of the next national campaign. The first pronouncement of this intention was made by Representative Hobson in the debate on the Hobson resolution, December, 1914, when he said:

> I here announce to you that the great temperance and prohibition forces of this whole nation will make this question the paramount issue in 1916 not only to gain a two-thirds majority in the two houses of Congress, but to have an Administration that neither in the open nor under cover will fight this reform.

The suspicion that Hobson's utterance was designed to be a warning to President Wilson as to the menace of prohibition opposition to his renomination and re-election was confirmed in a statement issued by the national officers of the Anti-Saloon League, General Superintendent Baker and Legislative Superintendent Dinwiddie, after the last national convention of the League last Spring. This was the statement which the League issued from Washington:

> Just at this time, when the party leaders are looking for available candidates for the Presidency next year, it will be well if they will carefully consider one or two things. The united prohibition forces of the country will oppose a candidacy of any man who voted against the Webb-Kenyon interstate liquor shipment law or voted against the resolution to submit the national prohibition amendment to the States, or who advocates only the States rights policy of dealing with the liquor traffic.

This statement served notice that the Anti-Saloon League will oppose the renomination of President Wilson by the Democratic Party, and the nomination of Senator Root, who voted against the Webb bill by the Republican Party; while it will not oppose the candidacy of Senator Borah, Senator Burton, and Senator Cummins, who voted for the Webb bill in the Senate, and of Senator Weeks, who voted for the measure in the House.

Turn now to a consideration of certain important factors in the political situation which may be expected to affect the future of the prohibitionists' plans. Political issues never can be separated from political personalities. The primary consideration in the formulation of a judgment as to the political prospects of the prohibition movement in advance

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of the next political campaign should be the known attitude of the outstanding leaders of the people. Interest centers first in President Wilson, who believes that prohibition, like suffrage, is an issue for the States and not the nation. His friends are confident that he will oppose the incorporation of a prohibition plank in the platform on which he is to run. The President stated his convictions for the benefit of the Maine voters in the 1912 campaign in the following letter:

> I am in favor of local option. I am a thorough believer in local self-government and believe that every self-governing community which constitutes a social unit should have the right to control the regulation or withholding of licenses. But the questions involved are social and moral and are not susceptible of being made parts of a party programme.

This letter is still furnished to the newspaper correspondents by the White House whenever an expression of the President's views on prohibition is sought.

Ex-Secretary of State Bryan, who referred to the States' rights articles as "perishable tommyrot," a short time after the House debates in which President Wilson's letter advocating the local self-government principle was quoted, has advised against the agitation of the prohibition issue in the next national campaign. He said in an interview at Atlanta early in October that the issue would have to be dealt with "when the time is ripe," but that he did not think the next campaign the proper time. Mr. Bryan is an open advocate of nation-wide prohibition, and he has in frequent statements advised the Democratic Party to take the "moral" side of the issue in every State where it is raised. His view that it will not be the part of strategic wisdom for the prohibitionists to bring the liquor issue to the fore in the next campaign is made in the following excerpt from a recent statement:

"I hope that national prohibition will not be an issue in the campaign of 1916. I prefer to see that campaign fought out on the economic issues which divide the two leading parties. The Democratic Party has made a splendid record in matters of legislation and administration, and its defeat might result in the undoing of some of the things that have been accomplished."

Mr. Bryan's intimation that the Democratic Party would face defeat if prohibition were the dominating issue in the next national campaign is exceedingly interesting. Presum-

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ably he recalled the recent fights in Maine and Ohio, in which the Democratic Party opposed prohibition, and in which he was called upon to enter the campaign bespeaking the election of " wet " candidates.

Colonel Roosevelt, like Secretary Bryan, is known to view the political possibilities of the prohibition issue with interest, and at times with serious thoughts of appropriating its advantages, as he did with the suffrage issue in the last campaign. Mr. Roosevelt, while he has never come out for prohibition, made a speech at Columbus, Ohio, last Fall in which he charged that both the old parties in Ohio were in league with the liquor interests, and made a vigorous attack upon the liquor interests for their participation in the Ohio campaign. He spoke from the same platform with James R. Garfield, the Progressive Party's candidate for governor, and his speech, while not in open advocacy of the prohibition amendment supported by the Progressive Party candidate, was distinctly favorable to the " dry " cause.

Ex-President Taft, like President Wilson, believes that the injection of the prohibition issue into national politics would be an evil. He summarized recent statements in regard to prohibition in the following excerpt from a letter to a friend:

> I said that it would destroy the balance of powers between the central Government and the State Governments; that it was a direct blow at local self-government, and at the integrity of our Federal system which depended on preserving the control by the States of parochial and local matters; a local matter, because opinions with reference to how it should be treated varied with every community. Secondly, it was dangerous because the exercise of jurisdiction to prohibit the liquor traffic would call for a horde of Federal officials in addition to the hundreds of thousands now representing the United States Government, and would give to an unscrupulous manipulator in national politics, with Federal authority, a power that would be dangerous to the republic whenever candidates were to be selected by his party, or whenever an election was to be had.

In every national campaign there are at least three elements in the electorate, as differentiated from the inherent strength of the parties themselves, that make their influence felt on one side or the other. The position of organized labor is seldom open to question, and plays an important part in the result of every campaign. The " Catholic vote " is a phrase recognized as having a definite meaning in the vocabulary of practical politics. A third element is the capitalistic

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element. Capital has its own viewpoint on matters of national politics, and like that of labor its influence is felt in the councils of the political managers, as well as in national campaigns. It is practicable to study the positions of these three elements with respect to prohibition, and from the information adduced to throw some light upon the political prospects of the movement.

A highly important factor in the spread of temperance sentiment in the United States is what has come to be designated as "industrial prohibition." It is a fact that many of the big industrial leaders, apart from all considerations of sentiment, and I might also say without reference to humanitarian motives, have permitted themselves to be converted to the prohibition cause as a result of arguments that have been urged upon them regarding the effect of alcohol as affecting the matters of profit and loss. I do not wish to convey the impression that prohibition is a movement of the big interests to swell their money bags, but merely to direct attention to the fact that some industrial capitalists are disposed to view the movement with more or less favor.

The attitude of organized labor to the prohibition movement is as clearly defined as its attitude on other important national issues. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, set forth this attitude in these words:

As you know, the constitution of the American Federation of Labor names the Prohibition Party as among those whose party politics shall have no place in the conventions of our organization. Despite this, the leaders of organized labor have their personal opinions, and strong ones at that. The consensus of opinion among the leaders of organized labor is anti-prohibition. We are opposed to the legal prohibition of drinking because we do not want the Government to say to us, "You shall not drink." We do not believe that this is the right way, or even a practical way, in which temperance reform shall be brought about. No one is more firmly convinced of the necessity for temperance as a requisite of efficiency than workingmen, but they are opposed to the prohibition movement because it has been such a stupendous failure everywhere that it has been tried. I have done a great deal of traveling in the United States, as was necessary in the performance of my duties as President of the American Federation of Labor, and I say, without reservation, that I have seen more real drunkenness in Prohibition States than I have seen anywhere else in the world, not excepting the centers of population in Europe. I saw more drunkenness in the 1906 campaign against Congressman Littlefield in Maine, a Pro-

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hibition State, than I have seen in any political fight in which I was engaged.

An outstanding accomplishment of the prohibition laws has been that the people in the sections where they were operative were prevented from acquiring the taste for the lighter beverages, such as beer, in preference to whiskies. One of the wholesome signs in the modern industrial life of the country has been the surprising extent to which light beer has displaced the more ardent beverages. The people in the Prohibition States would have been much better off if their laws had not prevented them from keeping abreast of this national tendency.

The extent of the activites of the labor organizations in opposition to the fight for national prohibition in the next Congress is yet to be determined. Political students would welcome eagerly the news that the labor lobby and the prohibition lobby are to lock horns on this issue. Such a contest would dispel the uncertainty now existing as to which is the stronger lobby in the country.

Cardinal Gibbons, the most influential prelate of the Catholic Church in the United States, believes with President Wilson that the liquor issue should be dealt with in accordance with the principles of local self-government. He is convinced that local prohibition is at times desirable, and in the local option fights in Saint Mary's and Calvert counties, Maryland, he authorized Catholic clergymen to exert their influence for the adoption of the prohibition law, and backed up the clergy with a strong letter. It is certain, however, that Cardinal Gibbons never will seek to exert the influence of the Catholic Church in favor of nation-wide prohibition, and that American Catholics in so far as they are influenced by the cardinal will oppose the movement.

There can be little question of the opposition of the Catholics generally to the prohibition movement so long as Catholic publications as orthodox and as influential as the *Ecclesiastical Review* feature such articles as "An Aspect of Prohibition," by Rev. Lucian Johnston, in the October issue. This very vigorous article contained the following striking sentences:

"Certainly it (prohibition) is in spirit utterly alien to the genius of Catholicity. . . . Prohibition as a principle is not congenial to the genius of Catholicity. . . . I further believe that the present wave of prohibition sweeping our country is very largely an aspect of Protestantism, a

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sort of Protestant revival with all the earmarks of a movement of a sect."

The writer, who is a priest of Baltimore, the residence of Cardinal Gibbons, characterizes the prohibition movement as "essentially emotionalism unregulated by reason."

"Prohibition," he adds, "is full of possibilities far more dangerous than drunkenness. Basically, it is Socialistic. Practically, it is part and parcel of that practical Socialism that is ever more and more strangling the individual."

The writer beseeches his fellow priests that they join him in fighting drunkenness, "with temperance, a knowledge of psychology, a saving sense of humor, with love and pity for frailty and sympathy for human need of pleasure."

A survey of the political horizon indicates, it would seem, that the Hobson movement does not now possess the political resources necessary to the immediate fulfillment of its plans. The outstanding leaders of the political parties are almost unanimously against making prohibition a national issue as the Anti-Saloon League desires. The Catholic Church is not ready to throw its influence behind the movement, and the tremendous power of organized labor is openly directed against it. The capitalistic influence, while giving the prohibition movement some support in State fights, has not yielded to the Hobson propaganda. Consider these facts in the light of the statement of President Taft that the influence of the prohibitionists upon members of Congress is the influence of compact minorities in Congressional districts, and the conclusion is inescapable that the prohibitionists are in such minority in the country as a whole that, however compactly they may be organized, they are not in a position to predict success for years to come.

L. Ames Brown.

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# ILLITERACY AND DEMOCRACY

BY WINTHROP TALBOT

How many of us who enjoy the printed page realize that five million adult American citizens are wholly unable to read and write; that millions more read only simple words; and that still other millions, able to read hesitatingly, rarely do read? A large percentage of American adults are illiterates or near-illiterates, almost wholly isolated from the world of ideas and progress.

Such illiteracy is a barrier to democracy.

Underlying that evolution into industrial, social and political democracy which irritates the conservative, delights the radical, and perplexes all, is the fact that the introduction—not so long ago—of the linotype, monotype, rotary press, and woodpulp paper have put within the reach of everyone the cheap and convenient printed page.

Cheap printing is the ready means of extending thought and information, and makes possible that fundamental intelligence on which democracy is based. Illiterates, however, deprived of this first aid to democracy, retard the progress of us all. In order to claim the privileges of intelligent living, enlarge our opportunities, and enjoy the benefits of substantial government by representation, it is clear that everyone in the community must be equipped with a means of profiting by the knowledge and experience of others, and of becoming informed on all matters of common interest and importance. Without general extension of ability to read and write, how may this be possible?

We have realized the need of compulsory schooling for children who are born Americans; we are beginning to provide for the children of stranger-folk who come to us; yet we ignore the illiteracy of millions of unschooled men and women—children in mind, though adult in years—apparent-

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ly forgetting that the first requisite for government by representation is literacy.

Literacy is impatient to-day of the industrial baron. A literate society demands representation. It seeks government by town-meeting or by commission. It exacts growth of every individual, and ample opportunity for it. It criticizes the woman or the man who is domineering and self-important. It requires capacity to set the bounds to accomplishment and the measure of a man's worth to be the quality, type and degree of his contribution to the community.

As illiteracy diminishes, social appreciations grow. We learn to think of others in terms of breadth and complexity and capacity, not of superiority and inferiority. Only people of restricted human understanding to-day can use the terms " upper " and " lower " classes. We are awakening to the fact that special privilege may be reduced only as literacy increases, and that democracy is possible only through the general extension of information and schooling.

Illiteracy, in its final analysis, signifies increased expense for production; lowered wages; segregated profits and the sweat-shop; for how long could the sweat-shop last without people to exploit? Illiteracy means increasing industrial agitation and unrest; it promotes race prejudice and class hatred; it precludes that mutual understanding and ability to co-operate which must underlie well-managed industry and efficient democracy; illiteracy debases political and social standards; it is a clog on intelligent workmanship, homemaking, public health and good citizenship.

It is not by chance that the Colorado mining camps, the West Virginia coalfields, illiterate communities like Lawrence, Mass., and Passaic, N. J., and the great trades employing thousands of illiterate workers in the larger cities, have had many costly strikes. Nor is it mere coincidence that epidemics of disease arise in city and village slums where the illiterate swarm. If we are to handle intelligently such problems as industrial unrest and public health, and promote civic administration and good government, we need to know more about that portion of all our people who read with difficulty, and of that submerged and isolated tenth to whom the newspaper and the printed page are but weird black marks on white paper, and to whom the public notice and the danger-sign are meaningless.

The word " illiterate " in America today stands for

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steady *increase* of illiterate white folks by scores of thousands in New England, in the Empire State, in the Garden State, in the Keystone State, in the Prairie State, and in eleven States of the Northwest. These are white people: not Negroes, Indians, Chinese, Japanese, or Hindoos, but young white parents who will rear families and will live among us for the next forty years or more. In large degree they are herded aliens, mingling foreign tongues in village outskirts and city slums, increasing accident and disease, filling hospitals, almshouses and asylums, and, as dependents and defectives, laying big and yet bigger taxes on that community which ignores their existence.

Before analyzing illiteracy in the United States, let us distinguish clearly in our own minds between "illiteracy" and "ignorance"—terms by no means the same, yet often assumed to be synonymous. Some ignorant persons may be literate, but most illiterates are ignorant.

It has long been a choice morsel for the social pessimist and critic of democracy that nearly one-fourth of the population of the Southern States is illiterate. We have been accustomed to think of Alabama, Mississippi, and neighboring States as the "Black Belt," not only with regard to race, but also schooling. It gives a different aspect to the situation to know that each Southern State has cut its percentage of illiteracy more than twenty-five per cent during the last census period from 1900 to 1910, and that in the South Atlantic, East South Central, and West South Central divisions, which include all the Southern States, the number of illiterates was nearly a million (938,767) less in 1910 than in 1900.

Illiteracy may be a hindrance, but it is not a peril, in States which are so active through public school endeavor and otherwise that each decade they are steadily effecting wholesale reductions not only in the percentage but in the number of illiterates. Thus illiteracy is a menace only in the manufacturing States of New England and in the States of the Middle Atlantic division which for ten years—nay, even for twenty years, as in the State of New York—have failed to reduce their percentage of illiteracy and have also increased enormously their numbers of illiterates; or, as in the case of Connecticut, have actually retrograded, and have increased not only in numbers of illiterates but in percentage of illiteracy as well. The New England, Middle Atlan-

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tic, Mountain, and Pacific divisions are those which show an increase in the number of illiterates during the last twenty years.

Illiterates are steadily increasing in number, not in the South, but in

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| Massachusetts | Illinois | New Mexico |
| Rhode Island | North Dakota | Arizona |
| Connecticut | Nebraska | Utah |
| New York | Montana | Nevada |
| New Jersey | Wyoming | Washington |
| Pennsylvania | Colorado | California |

the heaviest increase being in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. During the twenty years from 1890 to 1910, the number of illiterates in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, and Florida *decreased* from 2,027,951 to 1,427,063. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the *increase* was from 790,772 to 1,103,872.

Until 1910, native white illiterates outnumbered foreign-born illiterates, but the latter have been increasing rapidly. From 1880 to 1910 the increase in number of foreign-born illiterates was 886,741, whereas the decrease in number of native white illiterates was 721,188, and of negro illiterates 922,269.

The increase in number of foreign-born illiterates by decades has been as follows: 1880-1890: 383,951; 1890-1900: 139,564; 1900-1910: 363,226. Over three million (3,116,182) foreign-born illiterates have been admitted since 1899.

In contrast with the increase of white illiterates, negro illiterates have decreased approximately from 3,150,000 in 1880, to 2,227,731 in 1910. During the last decade all other classes of illiterates—Indians, Chinese, Japanese—have also decreased materially.

Native-born white illiterates have decreased from 2,255,460 to 1,534,272.

Thus every class of illiterate has decreased except the foreign-born, and since the last census their increase has been so great as to out-balance the decrease of all other classes combined.

Means are not lacking for the speedy reduction of adult illiteracy in the United States whenever the public is convinced of the necessity for so doing. Within the next five years the numbers of adult illiterates could be reduced one

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half, but an informed public sentiment is pre-requisite. France has halved her illiteracy of late, and so could we; yet it is not long since an almost hopeless view was taken of the problem. It was claimed by one Board of Education in a report on illiteracy that no adequate means existed for reaching the adult illiterate, and that he must be allowed to die off. Fortunately such counsel is as unacceptable as it is vicious, in view of the fact that it has been shown conclusively that the teaching of reading and writing to adults in large numbers as wholly practicable.

One effective measure is the wider use of the public school facilities, and the adaptation of the school mechanism to meet the needs of working people, by establishing co-operative part-time day classes in factories and industrial works, and continuation classes for illiterate house-workers and other illiterate women employed in the home. The evening school is often impracticable, but no convincing argument can be advanced against the co-operative Workers' Class in the place of employment. Such classes have been established in several industries in New York and New Jersey. The Workers' Class requires only an hour a day, five days a week for twelve weeks—sixty hours in all—to enable an adult of moderate intelligence to acquire a knowledge of 600 English words, and to enable him to learn to read, write, and cipher with a surprising degree of ease. In the Workers' Class the public school supplies the teacher and the books, the employer provides the place and opportunity, and the worker the effort.

Most immigrants are beyond ordinary school age, and ordinary school methods are not adapted to their needs. But the brief day-time class at the place of employment is effective in the highest degree, and is advantageous to every one concerned—employed, employer, and the public.

The menace of illiteracy among our foreign population would rapidly disappear, and arguments for imposing a literacy test for admission of immigrants would no longer be needed, if the Workers' Classes and other successful means now in partial operation in some parts of the country were generally used—as the public school part-time class, the evening school, and instruction through private and semi-public associations.

We are at fault in not providing means for adequately enforcing existing legislation regarding the exclusion of the

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insane, the degenerate, and the diseased. If this were done, we should automatically exclude the hopelessly illiterate. Nearly ten millions of dollars of unexpended immigrant head-tax is now in the hands of the United States Treasury. If we wish to avoid needless illiteracy, more adequate appropriation should be made for effective medical inspection, now handicapped by insufficient means.

Larger provision should be made for furnishing instruction to adult illiterates through the public school. We require the untaught child to go to school; has not the time come to insist that the untaught child of older years—the adult illiterate—shall also be required to go to school until he learns at least to read and write? Can there be any question that five millions of illiterate adults mentally insulated from exchange of human experience with their fellows are a menace to representative government, democratic institutions, industrial prosperity, and the good of the whole United States?

While objections may properly be made to certain types of State commissions, the problem of illiteracy has been studied so little, and is so wide in its implications, that it affects intimately all State functions, and yet fails to come within the official province of any State department; nevertheless it is a subject requiring special investigation and the widest public knowledge concerning its extent and suitable remedies. Therefore it seems to be a matter which can best be approached and treated through a State commission of citizens who have earned the confidence of the public.

Such a commission has been established by Kentucky to study and remedy its problem of the illiterate, but no States are in greater need of such commissions than the Middle Atlantic division, and especially the State of New York, which harbors a greater number of illiterates than any other State in the Union.

WINTHROP TALBOT.

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# WAS JESUS A NON-RESISTANT?

BY REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

PREVIOUS to the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, discussion of the question as to whether Jesus was a non-resistant would have been regarded as needless, not to say ridiculous. For centuries, the tradition of the non-resistant character of the Nazarene's career and teaching has been accepted almost without challenge. Amid the swarming uncertainties of the gospel record, this one fact has stood out with a peculiar impressiveness and beauty. Many have regarded the divine counsel as impracticable; some have denounced it as frankly unworthy. But few have denied its place in Jesus's teaching, and in Christianity as the embodiment of this teaching. Agreement has been general that Jesus was a non-resistant—that while his kingdom could "suffer violence," it could not be established by it.

Nothing has been more notable in religious circles, however, since the sudden coming of the European cataclysm, than the endeavor of those who believe in war, or at least in this particular war, to prove that the tradition of Jesus as a non-resistant is all a mistake, and that the Christians of Germany, England and France are therefore under no spiritual obligation to refrain from taking up arms against their enemies. Three out of twelve articles, for example, in a single number of the great British theological quarterly, *The Hibbert Journal,* were recently devoted to the thesis that Jesus was an advocate of the use of force under certain conditions, and that the Christian religion, therefore, offered sanction as well as condemnation of war. One author, to be sure, in order to prove his point, has to assert that "the world," after nearly two thousand years of preoccupation with the subject, has "almost universally misunderstood . . . the precepts of Jesus," especially the Golden Rule.

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Another finds himself forced to abandon the Synoptic Gospels altogether and find his demonstration of Jesus's commendation of war in the unhistorical pages of St. John. But all agree that Jesus was, at certain times and places, not averse to violence as a means to a great end. From the spiritual point of view, this endeavor to cite Jesus as a teacher of "threatening and slaughter" is in a sense encouraging, since it shows that Christianity to-day is not so dead that millions of Christians can lift the sword without compunctions of conscience. But from the point of view of history, the endeavor is wholly regrettable. Facts are facts, after all.

It would be a long and tedious task to search the scriptures for evidence upon the question of Jesus's attitude toward the use of force in human affairs. Therefore it is fortunate that no such exhaustive survey of our problem is required. For all the serious doubts ever raised in contradiction of the assumption that Jesus was a non-resistant are based upon one or all of four brief passages in the Synoptic Gospels. If we dispose of these, the whole case in opposition falls to pieces, and the traditional conception stands.

(1) First among these four passages which seem to invalidate the non-resistant interpretation of Jesus's life and teachings, is the familiar statement in the thirteenth chapter of Mark: "When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be not troubled, for such things must needs come to pass." Here, it is argued, Jesus is foretelling the wars that are vexing the earth even in our day, and laying down in so many words the principle of their necessity. How can it be contended that Jesus is a non-resistant when he distinctly says that the very things against which the non-resistant stands fronted in deadly opposition "must needs come to pass?"

The absurdity of this argument is so apparent that it is hardly necessary for one to waste time and strength in answering it. Is it possible that there is no difference between saying that it is inevitable that certain things shall happen in the future, and saying that it is right and proper that such things should happen? I pick up a letter written by Count Tolstoi to the London *Times* some years before his death, in which he states that, under the conditions then prevailing in Europe, it is certain that sooner or later the

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Continent will be engulfed in a universal cataclysm of arms. Ergo, I must infer that the rumor that the great Russian was a non-resistant can no longer be credited! I read Romain Rolland's vast novel, *Jean Christophe,* and find in the last volume a startling forecast of the outbreak of the present War of the Nations. Ergo, I must presume that M. Rolland welcomes the conflict and approves of all that Germany and Austria did to precipitate it! I turn the pages of H. G. Wells's *Social Forces in England and America,* and, coming to his essay on "The Possible Collapse of Civilization," find him anticipating the horror which the armaments of modern nations have brought upon the world. Ergo, I must take it for granted that Wells does not hate war, does not believe in disarmament, but on the contrary is to be counted among the Treitschkes and Bernhardis and Crambs of modern times! Is not the folly of such a mode of argument too patent to need serious refutation? When Jesus declared that "wars and rumors of wars . . . must needs come," he simply showed that he understood the stupidity of human reason, the blindness of human greed, the immorality of national statescraft. He simply prophesied that, so long as the temper of the heart and the conditions of society remained as they were, there could be no "peace on earth, goodwill toward men." He said what *would* be—not what *ought* to be! And he coupled this with a grand assurance of faith, that "such things" need not trouble us, since the time must come when "such things" shall not be!

(2) Another passage which is cited in this connection is the famous text from the tenth chapter of Matthew, "Think not that I am come to send peace on the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Here is a statement which seems to be conclusive, and therefore incontestable. Jesus declares categorically that his mission is not one of peace at all, but one of war. He comes to earth not to unite men, but to send a sword among them. It is evident that he not only believes that "wars and rumors of wars" shall "come to pass" of their own accord, but that he proposes to make some of these "wars and rumors of wars" himself.

Such a literal interpretation of this martial text seems to be inevitable—at least until we read on in this same chapter a little farther. "I came not to send peace, but a sword," are his words. But immediately thereafter, in the



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same passage, he goes on to say, "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." These sentences obviously belong together—they are part of the same thought, a sequence in the same discourse. And are we to infer therefrom that Jesus came into the world for the single, distinct purpose of breaking up families and severing households—that his appointed mission was to turn fathers against their sons, and daughters against their mothers, and daughters-in-law against their mothers-in-law?

The mere suggestion takes us at once to the *reductio ad absurdum* which is involved in any attempt to interpret literally, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." What Jesus was emphasizing here, in his vivid Oriental fashion, was the radical and therefore divisive character of the gospel which he had come to preach. His message of pure idealism went to the roots of things. It separated instantly the sheep from the goats—the worshippers of Mammon from the worshippers of God. Even in his own household he had seen it divide himself from his mother and his brethren. And what had taken place in his home, he felt certain was bound to take place in many others. The preaching of the Kingdom would sever fathers from sons, and mothers from daughters. Such divisions were not to be welcomed, much less plotted and planned, but were to be accepted when they came. They were simply the altogether regrettable and yet inevitable results of the proclamation of a new truth, a new commandment, a new age! Let no man seek for compromises—or, having put his hand to the plow, look back—or, having enlisted, seek to return and bury his dead. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me." Thus spoke the Master his awful challenge of allegiance—and thus he lifted the sword that cleaved those who heard from those who would not hear.

(3) More formidable than either of these two passages is the third, which appears in the story of the Last Supper as told by St. Luke. Jesus and his disciples were conversing together after the evening meal, and he was telling them something of the perils which lay before them. "And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip,

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and shoes, lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing. Then he said unto them, But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one." And when he had said this, we are told that "they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough."

This passage has always proved troublesome, not only to non-resistants, but to students of the gospels, who have without exception found it difficult to reconcile with the actions of Jesus on other and similar occasions. Apart from all questions of his non-resistant attitude, this speech of the Nazarene simply does not seem to fit in, somehow or other, with the rest of his career. Therefore do we find various attempts to explain it or even argue it away. What these are, we need not here enumerate. Renan, who declares flatly in his *Vie de Jésus* that Jesus was momentarily overcome by fear, and Nathaniel Schmidt, who surmises in his *Prophet of Nazareth* that the incident in all probability never took place as here recorded, are perhaps typical. What is important for us to observe is, that higher critics of the gospel narrative agree that here is something that needs special study and consideration, something that must be explained; and they straightway proceed to find some explanation which is different from that which the passage seems to imply!

What we have here, to my mind, is simply a bold endeavor on the part of Jesus, through the figure of the sword which he had used so many times before, to impress upon his over-sanguine and therefore heedless disciples the seriousness of the situation which was before them, and thus to prepare them for disaster. The whole atmosphere of the Last Supper was that of farewell. Every word of the Master was a foreshadowing of arrest, punishment, death. The spilt wine, the broken bread, the promised betrayal, the judgment of Peter—all pointed straight to Gethsemane, the Sanhedrin, and Calvary. The situation has changed: that was the message of the hour—our enemies are upon us. There was a time when we could go "without purse, and scrip, and shoes," but not now! If therefore there be any one among you who cares particularly about saving his own skin, he cannot do a better thing than sell his cloak and buy a sword, for this is a time for swords! The incomparable irony was at work here, as on so many other occasions in the Master's speech. And, as usual, it was totally misunder-

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stood. He may have had in mind many things when he thus instructed his followers. But that he actually bade them to buy swords and defend themselves against arrest, is too preposterous for discussion. It is put absolutely out of court by the great event which occurred only a few moments later in the Garden, when Peter drew a sword against the servant of the High Priest. "Put up thy sword again into its place," said Jesus, "for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

(4) But one passage more remains to be considered, and this the most serious of all. I refer, of course, to the cleansing of the Temple. That this event took place as recorded is unquestionable. That it constitutes an act of open violence is similarly unquestionable. Any such explanation as that once offered by Adin Ballou in his *Christian Non-Resistance,* that Jesus may have driven the money-changers from the court-yard, but that there is no evidence that he struck any one of them, is of course the most flagrant kind of hair-splitting. What we have here is a well-authenticated violation of the principle of non-resistance—and why not accept it as such? The episode is chiefly remarkable in the life of the Nazarene not for anything which it teaches in itself, but for its inconsistency with the rest of his career. Never at any other time, so far as we know, did he precipitate riot or himself assault his enemies. But this time he did—this time he failed to live up to the inordinately exacting demands of his own gospel of brotherhood. Nor is the circumstance difficult to understand! Jesus came to Jerusalem tired, worn, hunted. He knew that he walked straight into the arms of his enemies, and undoubtedly therefore straight to his own death. Weary, desperate, confused, he came to the Temple to pray, and here, right before the altars of his God, were the money-changers—here in the sacred places, the type and symbol of that commercialized religion which he most abhorred and which he knew was certain in the end to destroy him. What wonder that a mighty flood of anger surged up in his soul, and for the moment overwhelmed him! What wonder that he seized the rushes from the floor, and swept the place clean of its profaners! It was magnificent, we grant you, but it was not war, in Jesus's sense of that word. This was a moment of defeat, and not of victory, as is witnessed by the fact that this riot was the very occasion for which his enemies were

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waiting, to put their hands upon the Nazarene with impunity.

Much more true to type was Jesus's conduct on the remarkable occasion when he was confronted by the mob with "the woman taken in adultery." On the one side was a wretched offender, who, by all the accepted law and custom of the age, was doomed to death by stoning. On the other side was a crowd of angry men, waiting the word of their leaders to destroy her. If ever there was occasion when human sympathy, scornful of the letter of a cruel law, would seem to have been justified in the use of force, this would seem to have been the one. But what did Jesus do? Did he threaten the crowd with punishment? Did he throw himself between the crowd and its crouching victim in an attitude of menace or defiance? Did he strike madly right and left in the hope of putting the mob to flight, in the sublime determination to die himself rather than stand idly by and see the woman destroyed? Any one of these things he might have done, not without credit to himself. But if so, surely his efforts would have been futile. Instead of resorting to violence of any kind, he simply spoke some words, and then, turning away, began to write upon the sand. Could anything seem more utterly ridiculous! And yet, we are told that when Jesus finished his writing and looked about him, the mob was dispersed and the woman saved!

Such are the passages upon which those who deny that Jesus was a non-resistant found their case. Whether or not we have explained these passages satisfactorily is not, after all, a matter of great importance. For even though every one of the four were to be interpreted as our militant friends would have us believe, and even though the four were to be multiplied to fourteen or forty, we would still be obliged to hold to the non-resistant character of Jesus's life and teaching. Whatever our interpretations of separate speeches and episodes, three general facts in regard to the work of the Nazarene stand unimpeachable.

(1) In the first place, whatever may be said about separate incidents, the whole spirit of Jesus's life, as reflected in the four gospels and in every apocryphal and patristic memory of him that has been preserved to us, is that of a man who believed profoundly in the gospel of love; whatever may be said about isolated passages, the whole burden of Jesus's teaching is that of the gospel of forgiving injuries, doing kindness, and fostering good will. The Naza-

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rene had his inconsistent moments, like the rest of us. There is nothing easier than to go through the gospels and point out the contradictions on the record. But whatever his occasional lapses from his own august ideals—his inevitable violations of his own self-imposed precepts—his power, his desire, his spirit, are plain beyond possibility of confusion. He condemned and eschewed violence. He deprecated and avoided the use of force. At his best moments, he sought to "turn the other cheek," to love his enemies, to do no evil for any cause. Not by one or two, or even four exceptions, which can by hook and crook be found in the story of one of the most stressful careers in history, must the man be judged, but by the whole rule of his life. The workmanship may here and there be defective, but the design is plain. From this point of view, it is easier to believe that Jesus did not live at all, than that he was not a non-resistant.

(2) Secondly, at the supreme crisis in his life, when he was put to the ultimate test of his convictions, Jesus made perfectly plain the import of his doctrine. When he was set upon in the Garden of Gethsemane, three things were at stake: First of all, his own life. Secondly, so far as he could foresee at the moment, the lives of his well-beloved disciples who had left all and followed him at his especial bidding. Thirdly, again so far as he could foresee, the whole destiny of the reform movement which, at some cost, he had initiated and carried forward in Israel. Now, had Jesus's own life alone been placed in jeopardy by the action of Caiaphas, he might well have disdained to resort to arms. This, certainly, is understandable. But what shall we say when we see him refusing to use the sword offered by Peter, to defend his disciples and perpetuate the work which he had established? If ever there is excuse or reason for the use of force, it is in defense of the persons of those whom we love, or of the cause of truth and right which we have espoused. Here, if anywhere, it is agreed, are sanctions for violence. And yet Jesus steadfastly refused to avail himself of them. Any one who can look upon Gethsemane, the Sanhedrin, the house of Pilate, and Calvary, and deny that Jesus was a non-resistant, seems beyond the reach of reason.

(3) Lastly, it is to be noted that the men who knew Jesus, and the men who knew the men who knew Jesus, were so convinced that he was a non-resistant that, even in the face of the cruelest martrydom the world has known, not one

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of them lifted the sword in self-defense. Even when the Christian movement had become extended to the great centers of the Roman world, and fidelity to the Master came into conflict with obedience to the Emperor, not even then did they yield. There was more than one reason, of course, why the early Christians declined to enter the ranks of the Imperial legions. They could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor which was required of every legionary. They were unwilling to place before the Emperor's throne the offerings exacted of every soldier, and thus worship the ruler as a divine or semi-divine being. Furthermore, they were well aware that, if they enlisted, they were liable to be summoned at any time to arrest their fellow-Christians, torture them and put them to death. But first among all such reasons as these is the simple fact that conversion to Christianity was understood to involve conversion to the ideal of non-resistance. To draw the sword, even in the public service of the country, was known to be a flagrant violation of Jesus's law and example of life. Therefore did they prefer to die rather than to take up arms. And many were those who walked the path of martyrdom in obedience to this knowledge.

In the face of the very general attempt now being made to dissociate the non-resistant idea from the teachings of Jesus, it is to be doubted if it is generally recognized what degree of moral treason is involved in such an undertaking. Jesus died the most terrible of deaths, and exposed his disciples to a like fate, in obedience to his ideal of love and brotherhood. His followers, for generations after his passing, suffered ignominy, ridicule, disgrace, suffering, and death, in obedience to this same ideal. Is it not rather serious business, after all, to rob these martyrs of their crowns —to say that they did not know what they were doing—to steal from the world that which they gladly died in order to give the world? If a person does not believe in non-resistance, why should he not, like Nietzsche, confess honestly that he does not believe in the gospel of Christ? That would seem to be a nobler thing than to seek to remake this gospel on a basis of spiritual idealism lower than that which Jesus and his disciples were willing to recognize, for the sake of saving a somewhat dubious reputation for Christian regularity.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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# FOR TO-DAY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

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I

Arm! Arm! . . . and end this thrifty faith in peace,
Too soon arisen in a savage world.
Trust not the tenure of our empty lease
Of safety mid the ruin round us hurled.
It was a dream; it came and it must go
Like the great vision which two thousand years
Has brought at last to final overthrow,
And Christ is gone, and the stark truth appears.
Arm! Arm!—or dare to choose the one sole way
That else remains:—welcome each conquering horde
That would subject your nation; hail the day
Of the proud coming of your alien lord;
And let your country on the wind go by,
Since all you then could do for her is die.

II

Strange! that men die for mastery of the gate
Or council-halls of any earthly land!
Beyond such phantoms dwells our deeper fate
And all the treasures of each heart's demand.
Though this our nation perished without strife
At any hand that hungered for vain dross,
Still would the scope of each man's separate life
Exchange for gain all that it bore of loss.
If Asia came, and we like Rome went down,
Our eagle like her eagles slain and done,
Still would survive all that was once our crown,
With splendors of the Eastern soul made one.
If that is dire,—then sound the fierce alarm,
And wear your folly nobly! Arm! Arm! Arm!

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

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# JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

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In *The Dark Flower* John Galsworthy tells an incident of a mother who took her nine-year-old boy out to see the sunset. She pointed to it, and said: "That is beauty, Jack; do you *feel* it?" One cannot but believe that this happened to the author himself, and that such an incident, coupled with a valuable inheritance, may have helped to lay the foundation of his extraordinary penetration into the beautiful,—in life, in nature, in humanity, and in morals.

Moreover, it took the three most beautiful shires in England to produce this author. He was born at Coombe in Surrey. His father's people have been in Devon since the flood—"of Saxons, at all events," John Galsworthy says; and his mother came from a family named Bartlett, which has been for centuries in Worcestershire.

The part of Devon in which Galsworthy lives is not to be confused with the gentler scenery of Devon. In Dartmoor the landscape is Alpine rather than rural, arid rather than "bowery." Frosts are common as late as April and May, and occur occasionally in June, and there is a fine mountainous splendor of outlook. The little moor Gaulzery, whence the author's people derive, may still be visited, and it is commemorated thus in one of Galsworthy's poems:

> Gorse and heather, heather and grass,
> Up to the curve of the Autumn sky.
> Purple are all the darkening tors
> That crown the soft-retreating day;
> The far-blown woodsmoke steals its way
> From stars of fire in the cottage doors;
> And the Southwest wind, with her reedy tune
> Sings in the pines her wild, soft praise;
> There hangs a golden, mocking moon
> At the western cornerways!

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John Galsworthy was subjected to the conventional English training of his class: five years at Harrow, where he did eminently well in studies and games, just missing the head-prefectship of the school, and making a name for himself in football, running, and gymnasium; then followed two years at New College, Oxford, where, as a close connection of his says, "Can you believe it?—he was lazy, dressy, sporting"; which doubtless gave him insight into the conventional British feeling of caste. Despite that two years' record, there was strength to fall back on, for in his third year at Oxford he took an Honors degree in Law, and was called to the bar in 1890. Instead of practising (since he hated all the details of his profession) he took several years for travel, visiting Canada, British Columbia, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, South Africa, and later traversed a good part of Europe, the United States, and Egypt. Neither in his own life nor in that of his parents was there any need for strain after material things. Apparently, the grandparents attended to that once and for all; and thence there is a moral to derive. It is difficult—though, of course, possible, with two such instances in mind as Keats and Francis Thompson—to believe that an artist can stand the sordid strain of earning a living and at the same time be steeped in beauty. But it is greatly to the world's advantage that Shelley, Swinburne, and Galsworthy were not required to waste time upon money-getting.

The strange and interesting fact in the case is that in none of these great geniuses did comfort kill pity. Galsworthy from the beginning has been aware that men, "like children whose mother has departed from their home, were slowly being forced to trust in and be good to themselves and one another, and so to form out of their necessity, desperately, unconsciously, their new great belief in humanity."

He did not begin to write until 1897, when he was thirty years old. Since then he has published eight novels, ten plays, and four volumes of essays. Joseph Conrad told me an interesting tale of commanding a sailing ship between Adelaide and the Cape. On his ship were two young college men who perpetually talked of books and of authorship. Finally Conrad, who listented intently, confessed that he had with him the manuscript of a story he was trying to write. The younger men were interested, and finally held in their hands one half of the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*. Such

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was the encouragement they gave the Polish captain that from that time on the most brilliant living writer of descriptive English took literature as a serious profession. One of these college men who hailed Conrad was John Galsworthy. Whether the interview also influenced his own choice of a profession is not known.

I can scarcely hope that these meagre biographical details will in any way account for the greatest prose impressionist of our generation. Perhaps sometime we may have another *Child in the House* which will more fully develop just how such a soul is born and reared, so that no exquisite moment, no shade of loveliness in light and colour that visits the day or the night, may pass without making its impress.

Certain it is that who would write of John Galsworthy must understand a soul fairly steeped in beauty; a heart touched by the infinite pathos of human life. These two qualities appear, at times, consorted with the strength of a Zola, with the brilliancy and delicacy of a Meredith, and again with all the moral indignation of a Shelley. He feels as deeply as Swinburne, but he has the restraint of Pater, without a touch of Pater's disease—hopelessness, world-weariness, and lack of faith in the progress and perfectibility of human society. If Galsworthy did not snatch at the beauty of the moment: were his spirit not constantly roused and startled "into sharp and eager observation" where "every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive," he would not be an impressionist. But he has, in addition to this, a spirit wholly divorced from the famous aesthetic eighties and the nerve-wracked nineties of the last century. He has the twentieth century faith in the malleability of human life.

Picking up his volumes fairly at random one may cull exquisite mosaics of description. By an Italian sea he writes:

> If the air was void of sound, it was full of scent—that delicious and enlivening perfume of mingled gum, and herb, and sweet wood being burned somewhere a long way off; and a silky, golden warmth slanted on to us through the olives and umbrella pines. Large wine-red violets were growing near. On such a cliff might Theocritus have lain, spinning his songs; on that divine sea Odysseus should have passed. And we felt that presently the goat-god must put his head forth from behind a rock.

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Describing in "A Novelist's Allegory" the marching of Cethra with his lantern up and down the dark thoroughfare of the Vita Publica, he shows us dawn:

The saffron swan of dawn, slow swimming up the sky river between the high roof-banks, bent her neck down through the dark air-water to look at him staggering below her with his still smoking wick.

Had the author himself in mind when he said of Mark Lennan?—

For before all beauty he was humble, inclined to think himself a clod. It was the part of life which was always unconsciously sacred, and to be approached trembling. The more he admired, the more tremulous and diffident he became.

Is not the following passage the prose rendering of the fifth and sixth stanzas of Keats's "Nightingale"?

*What a night!—whose stars were hiding in sheer, heavy* warmth; whose small round golden moon had no transparency! A night like a black pansy with a little gold heart. And silent! For, of the trees, that whispered so much at night, not even the aspens had voice. The unstirring air had a dream-solidity against her cheeks. But in all the stillness, what sentiency, what passion—as in her heart!

Again Mark Lennan had come, after a long day's work from his studio, into the courtyard garden to smoke a cigarette and feel the sun on his cheek before it sank behind the wall:

A piano-organ far away was grinding out a waltz; and on an hydrangea tub, under the drawing-room window, he sat down to listen. Nothing was visible from there, save just the square patch of a quiet blue sky, and one soft plume of smoke from his own kitchen chimney; nothing audible save that tune and the never ending street murmur. Twice birds flew across—starlings. It was very peaceful, and his thoughts went floating like the smoke of his cigarette, to meet who-knew-what other thoughts—for thoughts, no doubt, had little swift lives of their own; desired, found their mates, and lightly blending sent forth offspring. Why not? All things were possible in this wonder-house of a world. Even that waltz tune, floating away, would find some melody to wed, and twine with, and produce a fresh chord that might float in turn to catch the hum of a gnat or fly, and breed again. Queer—how everything sought to entwine with something else! On one of the pinkish blooms of the hydrangea he noted a bee—of all things in this hidden away garden of tiles and gravel and plants in tubs! The little furry, lovely thing was drowsily clinging there, as if it had forgotten what it had come for

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—seduced, maybe, like himself, from labour by these last rays of the sun. Its wings, close-furled, were glistening; its eyes seemed closed. And the piano-organ played on, a tune of yearning, waiting, yearning . . .

There is a touch of Shelley in this, and one remembers "Love's Philosophy."

If in the novels one may stumble, every few pages, upon such passages, it is chiefly in the plays that the passion for social justice comes forward. To be sure, each novel is drenched also in the pity of it all; but the plays, short, concise, models of structure, one by one, take up some form of injustice and set it before the reader. The fantasy called *The Little Dream,* with its strong Maeterlinckian flavour, stands alone, depicting the soul's adventure with society and solitude, humanity, nature, death. *The Silver Box* leaves its discredited charwoman coping with starvation and undeserved loss of character. His play, *Justice,* so strongly depicted the traps in which a well-meaning but weak young man can be caught by the law that it literally changed the English prison system. Winston Churchill, Home Secretary at the time this play was produced, is said to have been so shaken by it that reforms were set afoot and carried through, notably a mitigation of solitary confinement. *Strife* dealt with a class war. *The Eldest Son* shows the downfall of a certain moral attitude toward woman when it touches the upper classes. *The Fugitive* follows a hunted woman who has dared to leave her husband, till she finds refuge in suicide. *The Pigeon* is the most philosophical and subtle of all the plays, for it bears the hardest doctrine of all, the doctrine of universal tolerance. "Live and let live" applied to all life is a theory difficult for this generation, so buckram-shod in its moral approvals and disapprovals. *The Mob* might lead one to suspect that Mr. Galsworthy is losing faith in the intellectual integrity of the masses. For More, the hero who stands by his own view, fighting to a finish when he knows he must lose, thus addresses the Mob as he dies:

You've forced your way into my house, and you've asked me to speak. Put up with the truth for once! You are the thing that pelts the weak; kicks women; howls down free speech. This to-day, and that to-morrow. Brain—you have none. Spirit—not the ghost of it! If you're not meanness, there's no such thing. If you're not cowardice, there is no cowardice. Patriotism—there are two kinds —that of soldiers and this of mine. You have neither.

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For this speech he dies, and years later has a monument erected to the memory of one "faithful to his ideal."

Galsworthy's theory of the function of fiction is clearly set forth in his "Novelist's Allegory" in the *Inn of Tranquility*. His neither to teach nor preach, but merely to hold up the lantern whereby life may be seen as it is—cesspools and rich carved frontages, sightless hovels and garden gates, rich folk revelling and poor folk sleeping in hutches. If thereby the comfortable are disturbed by alarming sights, surely it is no fault of the novelist, but of that lantern itself, "held like a handful of daffodils against the black stuffs of secrecy."

From this one might argue that Galsworthy belongs to the new school whose whole task it is to offer what is called "a slice of life"; or what Mr. Henry James designates as "saturation in the subject-matter." On the contrary, Galsworthy is not even tainted by the "incurable Democrative suspicion of the selective." He remains, with all his pity, a great artist, and therefore an artist with a quick eye for impressions and effects. Comparing him with his two famous contemporaries, Wells and Bennett, one finds in Wells a substantiality, a bulk and solidity of thought, that is absent in Galsworthy, the artist. Wells has neither tradition nor prejudice, moral or artistic. He is as adventurous as the rashest journalist. Anything is matter for realistic fiction provided it be life. Bennett cannot distinguish form from matter, and to him, as anyone can see, a lump of clay is every bit as good as the finished statue. Any outpouring of matter may be literature. But Galsworthy is enough of the old school to have in mind, from the first stroke, the beauty of the final picture. His very touch poetizes, etherializes. Even the police courts, when he leads us there, are touched with a tender sort of courtesy.

If one looked upon modern life as a great effort toward a synthesis of human purpose, one would find Wells making for a world of general material well-being—sanitation, education, scientific discovery, application of natural laws, and as much free play to the natural instincts as is compatible with personal safety. But Galsworthy would be making for suppression of the material in heightened perceptions of beauty, poetry, and spirituality.

What hurts Wells in life is stupidity—"better for a man to die of his diseases than be cured unwittingly"—and

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again: "I have not strong feeling for the horrors and discomforts of poverty as such; sensibilities can be hardened to endure the life led by the Romans in Dartmoor jail a hundred years ago or softened to detect a crumpled rose-leaf; what disgusts me is the stupidity and warring purposes of which poverty is the outcome." What, on the other hand, distresses Galsworthy is that anyone should be so sodden as to miss poetic perceptions and gentle sympathies. In a certain way the two writers hold identical ideals. Wells writes: "I want to make more generally possible a relationship of communication and interchange that for want of a less battered and ambiguous word I needs must call Love." And all of Galsworthy's striving is for that insight and imaginative kindness which shall be able to live and let live, love and let love. Probably this end is the instinctive outreaching of all higher consciousness to-day, and we must learn to realize that it need not necessarily result in a dead-level of middle-class culture and an endless stretch of uniform suburban villas.

Compared with Bennett, his vigorous grasp of detail,—his patient gathering up of them, one by one, till by very numbers they make the picture,—Galsworthy is the selective artist, and above all the fine gentleman. Even in the lowest classes he finds gentlemen, courtliness, fine manners, a sense for justice, fair play, and non-interference which belongs to the aristocrat. Take such sketches as *The Portrait, Quality, Courage,* and you find in widely differing classes the same qualities of the brave independent gentleman.

His earliest novels hardly presaged his later development. In *Villa Rubein,* for example, I find nothing that I recognize as Galsworthy save a few bits of description:

> In the East the mountain peaks—fingers of snow—were glittering above the mist. A grave simplicity lay upon the scene, on the roofs and spires, the valley and the dreaming hillsides with their yellow scars and purple bloom and white cascades like tails of dappled horses in the wind.

In the *Island Pharisees* he comes to his own. This novel introduces his favorite character Ferrand, who plays a part in many of the sketches and the second part in the *Pigeon.* In the former he presents a striking contrast to the perfectly well-bred English family who could never really feel sympathy or affection for those who failed to share its own class traditions. Galsworthy's genius for character drawing

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comes out clearly in this novel, with its picture of the hostess at Home Oaks whose superiority had been breathed in as she lay in her cradle, and who was so sure that she and her class were the "correct thing" that it was impossible for her not to believe that the rest of the world was invented to keep them stable and in place. Mrs. Dennant's interview with the gardener who would not cease in due season to grieve for his dead wife, is a masterly bit of satiric writing—as, indeed, is his whole description of the Squire's lady.

After that the novels run in systematic order, taking up dominating sections of society. *The Man of Property,* showing the class secure in riches and ownership, depicts the business man with his keen scent for a bargain, his firm will and strong common sense, his interest in the cost of things. To my mind this is the finest novel of the first period. In plot construction, character drawing, and setting it is a finished product. Moreover, he portrays as interesting a family connection as the Dodson connection in the *Mill on the Floss.* Here, too, he dealt with that topic that constantly concerns him—"An unhappy marriage! No ill-treatment—only that indefinable malaise, that terrible blight which killed all sweetness under Heaven, and so from day to day, from night to night, from week to week, from year to year, till Death should end it." It has one flaw, the character of Irene, beautiful, passive, led from one act to another by Fate or chance, but with no definite creative personality.

*The Country House,* by far the most popular of the novels, deals with the Country Squire. Here is the most delightful lady that Galsworthy has yet drawn: Mrs. Pendyce, a woman of silk and steel; exquisite, capable of infinite endurance and some courage; a lovely mother, but still a mere passive creature in the hands of Destiny, one who accepts rather than makes a life. The chapter, "Sabbath at Worsted Skeynes," is a bit of descriptive writing unparalleled in its delicate veracity, its sense of proportion, its keen observation. The spaniel John, the fox terriers, the old horse put out to graze, are as real, as wonderfully penetrated, as Horace Pendyce, thinking, as he stands at the reading desk, "this lesson is well read by me"; or as Mrs. Pendyce, thinking, as she fixes her eyes on the rector, of the *point-de-venise* to be bought next spring in New Bond Street. If one sets *The Country House* a little lower than *The Man of Property* it is because there are fewer characters in it who capture our sympathies.

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In writing, observation, character drawing, it is equal if not superior.

*Fraternity* is a subtle picture of the professional classes, and again one feels one's sympathies very slightly enlisted, except by old Mr. Stone, who is a delightful personage. Bianca is too fish-blooded to hold one's interest. Thyme is an uncertain forerunner of Nedda. Cecilia is shadowy. Hilary holds the stage chiefly, but again, the drama lies rather in the weariness of culture set against the hot passions and keen strife of the slums, than in the individuals.

With *The Patrician* we enter upon what may be noted as the opening of Galsworthy's middle period. It was foreshadowed in 1912 by the volume of essays entitled *The Inn of Tranquility*. By this time Galsworthy is complete master of his matter and method, and his style is touched by a certain heightened tone, a lyric rapture which must either be perfect or fail. In Mr. Galsworthy it is perfect. There are in *The Inn of Tranquility* some half dozen essays that are exquisite (even though one is warned that the word is truly applicable only about three times in a life-time!)—namely: "Quality," "Wind in the Rocks," "Romance," "Memories," "A Novelist's Allegory," "Vague Thoughts on Art." *The Patrician*, a study of the aristocratic class, is full of lyric writing; notably Barbara's wild drive at night with Miltoun, Courtier's meditation as he leans out into the night from his window thinking of Barbara, and the entire last chapter. I point this out as showing to what it should lead, for the *Dark Flower*, from beginning to end, is one long lyric. It is in no wise a novel. Three incidents in a man's life, passionate incidents each of them, are described with the lyric rapture by which only they may be felt. Of the three sketches the middle one, *Summer*, is the most perfect, and also the strongest. The quaint question of morality brought up in connection with the book might have been entirely done away with had not each sketch centred about the same hero; and, after all, the question is merest convention.

*The Freelands*, the latest novel, seems to hark back to the pre-lyric period. It circles about the great question of the land. Here, as elsewhere, Galsworthy's sympathies are with "the little company of great hearts" who face life naked of advantage. Once more the limitation is in the women characters. Kirsteen, indeed, promises to be an iron character; and yet one is never quite satisfied that Galsworthy's women



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are flesh and blood,—free, creative agents. A course in the lives of Madame de Staël, Rachel Varnhagen, George Sand, Henriette de Meritens, and Marie Bashkirtseff, might give him a more vital type. His women are too traditional, too passive, too uniformly Victorian, with all the old-fashioned virtues of self-suppression, obedience to the male at hand, gentle passivity, and wondering acceptance. Their sole motive force is love. When Galsworthy finds out—as doubtless he will—that woman is as various an animal as man, we may have such women from his pen as Hardy, Meredith, and Shakespeare have given to English literature. It might almost be said that his dogs and horses have as much (of course I do not mean as *high*) individuality as his women. At the moment I can think of no great English writer who has known and written of animals as he has. The "dear dogs" in *The Country House* are incomparable, and the soft, wobbly puppy who arrived in the train from Salisbury with long nose swollen from weeping, his wild rover's instinct and faithful heart, lives in our hearts as do few human portraits.

The last volume of essays, *The Little Man and Other Satires,* is rather a falling off after *The Inn of Tranquility.* The Zola element in John Galsworthy is active in it. It is a volume strangely lacking in that lyric rapture, that sense of beauty and poetry in life, which marked all the output of 1912 and 1913. Moreover, the first essay should never have been printed until Mr. Galsworthy had had another chance to study his Yankee at first hand. It is quite true that in response to the question, "How are you feeling?" some of us would reply, "Right smart, thank you"; but never, never, never does any Yankee say: "You'd better get off right smart," or in any other way connect it with an active verb. We *feel* "right smart," but we never *do* "right smart." The only reparation for his mistaken Yankee is for Mr. Galsworthy to come and visit us, and few English writers would receive a more cordial reception.

Louise Collier Willcox.

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# OSCAR WILDE AS A CRITIC

BY ALICE I. PERRY WOOD

In Oscar Wilde as a late growth of that later Renaissance which was seen in part in the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, there is an increasing interest. And indeed, now that more than a decade has passed since his death, it is easier to see where he stands, and to estimate his contribution to his age.

In his *De Profundis* Wilde says of himself, in his self-analytic, self-conscious way: "I was a man who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own life-time, and have it so acknowledged. It is usually discerned, if discerned at all, by the historian, or the critic, long after both the man and his age have passed away. With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope." In another passage he says: "I am a born antinomian." It was his wish to be considered an anamoly, unique, always different. Thus, "When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong." Perhaps it was his love of paradox which caused Wilde to believe that, by virtue of his antinomianism, he held this symbolic relation to his age,—that thus he separated and made apparent the subconscious strains in English thought and feeling. That England should recognize itself when thus brought face to face with æstheticism is not a necessity, according to Wilde's idea of the relation of the critic to his age; rather it added to his satisfaction, as an antinomian, to *épater le bourgeois;* it kept in emphasis that symbolic relation by the forced attention which he demanded.

It is this phase that is particularly interesting in Wilde's

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position in the criticism of his day, especially in his work in what he calls "the art-literature of the nineteenth century," and it is in this connection that Wilde may be allied with the tendencies in English art, and with that development of the Pre-Raphaelite doctrine and usage, that showed itself especially in the work of Walter Pater. This later connection, noted by many, was not entirely grateful to Pater; he was a little amazed, it appears, by the rather emphatic discipleship of Wilde, and, as one biographer says, "both disgusted and appalled" by the recklessness with which his fatherhood was claimed for the extravagances of certain of his followers. And it must be confessed that the student of Pater's æsthetic theory is perhaps in somewhat the same state of mind. Wilde, with his sunflowers and æstheticism, is apt, at times, to dodge behind these theories like a ridiculous or evil imp, or, if you will, a kind of Frankenstein, an embodied *reductio ad absurdum,* a caricature of some of the most passionate, most severely chastened and ordered of Pater's work.

To the constant assertion that, in his æsthetic excesses, Wilde was but carrying out Pater's ideas expressed in the Conclusion to the *Renaissance,* an answer is found in a comparison of *Dorian Gray* with *Marius the Epicurean,* with its high, ethical purpose and spiritual reach. But that Wilde gave but partial or contorted interpretation to Pater's ideas is not a sufficient explanation to account for so keen a critic and so eager a disciple, and so signal a failure. In these self-confessions there is a note of fatefulness, of the recognition of weakness of will against the very temptations presented by his alertness and intellectual curiosity, a consciousness of organic and native limitations, which are later shown in *De Profundis.* But more than this, there is also a real disparity, and a conscious departure on the part of Wilde from the position of Pater. Nowhere is this better seen than in their critical theories. It is in this connection that I wish to consider Wilde especially, to show his derivation through Pater, from the most notable art-theory of the later nineteenth century, and his subsequent development into a theory of criticism quite at variance with this, but into a type of criticism which is still felt in our art-theory of to-day, and is concomitant with later Impressionism. Wilde is the expression in criticism of this, as truly as was Ruskin of Pre-Raphaelitism. And his life, in its self-centered interests and energy, its disregard of anything alien to the satis-

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faction of those interests, its insistence upon the value of "doing nothing," its constant eagerness for exploring the world of subjective experience, its aloofness and disinterestedness shown constantly in love of paradox in thought and of eccentricity in action, is a background for this art-theory which is truly expressive of it.

Comparing, then, their ideas of criticism, we may take the Preface to *The Renaissance* as a conclusive summing up of Pater's critical theory.

> The æsthetic critic . . . regards all the objects with which he has to do, all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life, as powers or forces producing pleasurable sensations, each of a more or less peculiar or unique kind. This influence he feels and wishes to explain, analyzing it, and reducing it to its elements. To him, the picture, the landscape, the engaging personality in life or in a book, *La Gioconda*, the hills of Carrara, Pico of Mirandola, are valuable for their virtues, as we say, in speaking of a herb, a wine, a gem; for the property each has of affecting one with a special, a unique, impression of pleasure. . . . And the function of the æsthetic critic is to distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced. His end is reached when he has disengaged that virtue, and noted it, as a chemist notes some natural element, for himself and others. . . .
>
> What is important, then, is not that the critic should possess a correct abstract definition of beauty for the intellect, but a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects. He will remember always that beauty exists in many forms. To him all periods, types, schools of taste, are in themselves equal. . . . The question he asks is always: In whom did the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period find itself?

This theory, as we find here and in repeated criticism, rests upon the idea of beauty as *expressiveness*, and is connected with the theory of style that gives as the ultimate problem the finding of the unique word. The critic's chief qualification is susceptibility to beauty, and the critic's aim is the disengaging of the particular phase of beauty, or the *virtue* of a work of art, that he may show in whom "the stir, the genius, the sentiment of the period" found itself. It is to this aspect of criticism that Oscar Wilde was introduced both by the lectures of Ruskin and by the teaching of Pater, the two chief influences of his Oxford days. In

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Wilde's criticism, as in Pater's declaration in his Preface, all criticism is based upon the susceptibility of the critic. Thus his statement that "Temperament is the primary requisite for the critic—a temperament exquisitely susceptible to beauty, and to the various impressions that beauty gives us," corresponds to the requirement that Pater makes, of "a certain kind of temperament, the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects."

When we turn to Wilde's explanation of what the æsthetic experience consists in, we find the typical term to be *satisfying*. Thus, in the Envoi to *Rose-Leaf and Apple-Leaf* by Rennell Rodd (one of Wilde's most complete critical essays) we see that he defines "joy in art" as "that incommunicable element of artistic delight which, in poetry, for instance, comes from what Keats called the 'sensuous life of verse,' the element of song in the singing, made so pleasurable to us by that wonder of motion which often has its origin in mere musical impulse, and in painting is to be sought for, from subject never, but from the pictorial charm only—the scheme and symphony of color, the satisfying beauty of design." Again, in speaking of modern painting, he declares that the quality "comes from the mere inventive and creative handling of line and color, from a certain form and choice of beautiful workmanship, which, rejecting all literary reminiscence and all metaphysical idea, is in itself entirely satisfying to the æsthetic sense, is, as the Greeks would say, an end in itself." Pater's idea of the æsthetic experience is only vaguely given as "pleasurable sensations," but we may fill out this phrase from his utterances in the Conclusion to *The Renaissance*, where the life of æsthetic appreciation is described as the power "to burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy"; and as marked by a "quickened sense of life," by a "quickened, multiplied consciousness,"—expressions not so different from those of Wilde, but rather involving closer analysis. The difference, as Pater showed plainly in a later essay, lay in the scope of satisfaction.

But while Pater insists on the susceptibility of the critic, and upon the end of the æsthetic experience as "quickened, multiplied consciousness," and declares that art gives "the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake," yet in his criticism, in the attitude which he takes toward those "moments" of "poetic

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passion," the end he proposes for his "quickened, multiplied consciousness," is entirely different from that of Wilde. The requirements for the critic are fundamentally the same, the experience in each case is "enthusiastic activity"; but it is the view taken of the value of the experience, or, in other words, of the function of the critic and of criticism, that differentiates them.

Pater, by the very use of the word *virtue,* suggests, to a certain degree, an objective, a *social* conception of criticism that Wilde's theory entirely lacks. The Conclusion to *The Renaissance* must be interpreted in the light of his practise. One needs only to compare Pater's essay on Botticelli, or on Wordsworth, with Wilde's on Rennell Rodd, to see the entirely different attitude suggested in the words *virtue* or *expressiveness* by the one, and *impression* and *satisfying* by the other. Pater uses this susceptibility as a revelatory agent, as a solvent which shall bring to crystallization the elements that make for the significance or the appeal of a work of art, which may indicate the line of possible sympathy between the artist or author and the observer or reader. This is seen in Pater's description of the ideal method of procedure for the æsthetic critic, in the Preface to *The Renaissance,* where, after defining the "unique, incommunicable faculty" of Wordsworth, he says, "Well! that is the *virtue,* the active principle, in Wordsworth's poetry; and then the function of the critic of Wordsworth is to follow up that active principle, to disengage it, to mark the degree in which it penetrates his verse." And in his essay on Wordsworth, Pater carefully shows that "the writings of Wordsworth are the central and elementary expression" of that which is "a large element in the complexion of modern poetry." In other words, the work of the critic is not accomplished in the mere noting or entering pleasurably into the quality of a work of art, but must also include its identification with some larger entity.

Wilde uses this susceptibility to gain impressions, as of value in themselves, for he says of the critic: "The sole aim is to cherish his own impressions." Again, "That is what the highest criticism really is, the record of one's own soul," for it "is in its essence purely subjective, and seeks to reveal its own secret and not the secret of another." His justification for this view of criticism rests in the facts of the development of art, for "the ultimate expression of our

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artistic movement in painting has been, not in the spiritual visions of the Pre-Raphaelites, for all their marvel of Greek legend and their mystery of Italian song, but in the work of such men as Whistler and Albert Moore, who have raised design and color to the ideal level of poetry and music." He continues: "Now, this increased sense of the absolutely satisfying value of beautiful workmanship, this recognition of the primary importance of the sensuous element in art, this love of art for art's sake, is the point in which we of the younger school have made a departure from the teaching of Mr. Ruskin—a departure definite and different and decisive." What had in the work of Pater constituted a basis for a definition of beauty, and could, therefore, be justly called an æsthetic,—an æsthetic with its basis in the idea of expressiveness,—is here denied as being the foundation of the critic's search. With Wilde, the critic's ultimate duty is to record the perception of beauty—not by way of analysis, rather in effusion. The eloquent passages of the essay on Rennell Rodd or the fantastic utterances of "The Critic as Artist," placed beside Pater's thoughtful building up of a consistent and unforgetable portrayal in "Botticelli" or "Pico della Mirandola," show such a difference.

Beginning with the statement that "The highest criticism deals with art not as expressive but as impressive purely," Wilde leads on to the conclusion that "to the critic the work of art is simply a suggestion for a new work of his own, that need not necessarily bear any obvious resemblance to the thing it criticises." Further, he says, "Criticism is no more to be judged by any low standard of imitation or resemblance than is the work of poet or sculptor." And again, "No ignoble considerations of probability, that cowardly concession to the tedious repetitions of domestic or public life, affect it ever." He admits that "the primary aim of the critic is to see the thing as in itself it really is not." Thus the work of art may be inferior or unusual; it is all one to the impressionist in criticism, or, as he phrases it, in criticism as "a creative art." And later he states, "The one characteristic of a beautiful form is that one can put into it whatever one chooses to see." He adds that the critic will turn "to such works as make him brood and dream and fancy, to works that possess the subtle quality of suggestion." He states this theory more precisely in the following paragraph:

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The sculptor gladly surrenders imitative colour, and the painter the actual dimensions of form, because by such renunciations they are able to avoid too definite a presentation of the Ideal, which would be too purely intellectual. It is through its very incompleteness that Art becomes complete in beauty, and so addresses itself, not to the faculty of recognition nor to the faculty of reason, but to the æsthetic sense alone, which, while accepting both reason and recognition as stages of apprehension, subordinates them both to a pure synthetic impression of the work of art as a whole, and, taking whatever alien emotional elements the work may possess, uses their very complexity as a means by which a richer unity may be added to the ultimate impression itself. You see, then, how it is that the æsthetic critic rejects those obvious modes of art that have but one message to deliver, and having delivered it become dumb and sterile, and seeks rather for such modes as suggest reverie and mood, and by their imaginative beauty make all interpretations true, and no interpretation final. Some resemblance, no doubt, the creative work of the critic will have to the work that has stirred him to creation, but it will be such resemblance as exists, not between Nature and the mirror that the painter or landscape or figure may be supposed to hold up to her, but between Nature and the work of the decorative artist. . . . The critic reproduces the work that he criticises in a mode that is never imitative, and part of whose charm may really consist in the rejection of resemblance, and shows us in this way not merely the meaning but also the mystery of Beauty, and, by transforming each art into literature, solves once for all the problem of art's unity.

We find the same difference in the practise of Pater and of Wilde. Pater, in his self-analysis in *The Child in the House*, says: "For him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, . . . a protest in favor of real men and women against mere gray, unreal abstractions. . . . But certainly, he came more and more to be unable to care for or think of soul but as in actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands." For Pater, the "imaginative reality" *resides* in line and color and pose, and can never be felt completely except through these "sensible attachments," as he calls them. Wilde speaks of the "fine contempt for Nature," the "dim, dull abyss of facts"; and again, "The best that

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one can say of most modern creative art is that it is just a little less vulgar than reality, and so the critic, with his fine sense of distinction and sure instinct of delicate refinement, will prefer to look into the silver mirror or through the woven veil, and will turn his eyes away from the chaos and clamour of actual existence, though the mirror be tarnished, and the veil be torn." With such a theory, the object criticised necessarily falls from view, and the experience of the soul in the presence of the object of art takes its place. Every reader or beholder is a creator even as it is that creation which forms the material of the critical product. Thus Wilde insists that criticism is creation; Pater calls it appreciation.

In departing from Pater's position with such a result, Wilde is brought to the characteristic attitude of those French artists and writers with whom we find him in sympathetic intercourse during his residence in Paris, namely, the Impressionists and the Symbolists. These had undoubtedly exercised a strong influence upon him, an influence which is perhaps most directly seen in Wilde's poems and in his drama, *Salome*. In this, as in the work of the Symbolists, we have effects gained through a kind of refrain-like repetition, significant silences, indefinite persons, absorbing moods, and a constant appeal to sound. And in their general theory we find the Symbolists aiming at " a pure synthetic impression," depending much upon the association of ideas, preferring the indefinite and suggestive rather than the precise, and in every case emphasizing the subjective and individual nature of literary production. The most fruitful of their speculations, as their critics have pointed out, has resulted in an exposition of the creative function of the reader. This, it is seen, corresponds closely to the ultimate conclusion of Wilde's criticism.

One can, of course, find in Pater not only the essential basis of creative criticism, but, as well, an example of it in the famous La Giaconda passage from the essay on Leonardo da Vinci; but such a passage, it has been recognized by critics, is almost unique in its extremely associative appeal, and certainly cannot be paralleled in the more mature work of Pater. In *Appreciations,* for instance, we have a similar disparity between Pater's later work and the passage mentioned, as between the theory of Pater and that of his enthusiastic disciple, Oscar Wilde. And this passage is the

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one from Pater's work that Wilde quotes as illustrating his idea of creative criticism, and as being most in opposition to that other theory which gives its aim as " to see the object as in itself it really is."

In the dictum that art must not imitate,—for art must not say anything,—lies, not only his connection with the Symbolists, but, according to his own confession, his point of departure from the so-called Impressionists. " I am very fond of the work of many of the Impressionist painters of Paris and London. Subtlety and distinction have not yet left the school. . . . Their white keynote, with its variations in lilac, was an era in color. . . . Yet they will insist on treating painting as if it were a mode of autobiography invented for the use of the illiterate, and are always prating to us on their coarse, gritty canvases of their unnecessary selves and their unnecessary opinions, and spoiling by a vulgar over-emphasis that fine contempt of Nature which is the best and only modest thing about them. One tires, at the end, of the work of individuals whose individuality is always noisy, and generally uninteresting." He prefers " that newer school at Paris, the *Archaicistes,* as they call themselves, who, . . . rejecting the tedious realism of those who merely paint what they see, try to see something worth seeing, and to see it not merely with actual and physical vision, but with that nobler vision of the soul which is as far wider in spiritual scope as it is far more splendid in artistic purpose." Further he says, " Still, the art that is frankly decorative is the art to live with. It is, of all our visible arts, the one art that creates in us both mood and temperament. Mere color, unspoiled by meaning, and unallied with definite form, can speak to the soul in a thousand different ways. . . . By its deliberate rejection of Nature as the ideal of beauty, as well as of the imitative method of the ordinary painter, decorative art not merely prepares the soul for the reception of true imaginative work, but develops in it that sense of form which is the basis of creative no less than of critical achievement. . . . To be natural is to be obvious, and to be obvious is to be inartistic." And as Wilde departed from the Impressionists in his ideas, so he approaches the theory voiced by the later school of artists, the Neo-Impressionists or Post-Impressionists.

A sympathetic critic of the work of the Post-Impressionists at the Grafton Gallery in 1911, Mr. Roger Fry, speaks of

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these artists as "freed from the incubus of complete representation," and says further, "Post-Impressionist artists have discovered empirically that to make allusion to a natural object of any kind vivid to the imagination, it is not only not necessary to give it illusive likeness, but that such illusion of actuality really spoils its imaginative reality."

Perhaps it is not unfair to take the utterances of the later exponents of this school to show the tendency of their theory of art. Thus in a recent book called *Cubism,* by Albert Gleizes and Jean Metzanger, we read: "Let the picture imitate nothing; let it nakedly present its motive, and we shall indeed be ungrateful were we to deplore the absence of all those things—flowers, or landscape, or faces—whose mere reflection it might have been. Nevertheless, let us admit that the reminiscence of natural forms cannot be absolutely banished; as yet, at all events. An art cannot be raised to the level of a pure effusion at the first step." And "We seek the essential, but we seek it in our personality, and not in a sort of eternity, laboriously divided by mathematicians and philosophers." And Cubism, I believe, may be taken here not in any restricted sense, but as synonymous for the art that dates from Cézanne and includes the present school of "profound realism" (to use their own term) as distinguished from the "superficial realism" of the Impressionists.

I have given Wilde's theory thus in detail, in its relation to Pater's idea of criticism, because it is in this relation that its peculiar interest lies,—in its fundamental agreement with it, and its ultimately wide departure from it. We see here an interesting parallel in the case of Wilde and Pater to the advance of the art-theory in the last half of the nineteenth century. In Pater, we may trace the theory of criticism as it runs parallel to the art-theory of the Pre-Raphaelites; in Wilde, we come to a later kind of criticism which, in the creative field, is paralleled by the appearance of paintings illustrating a view of art that, while it derives from the Pre-Raphaelite theory of expressiveness as the basis of beauty, puts the emphasis upon the subjective experience of the artist rather than upon the attempt to communicate and share those experiences. As we noted, one is inevitably impressed by Wilde's close alliance with the Post-Impressionists. But between him and our present Post-Impressionists there is the same difference as between the Pre-Raphaelites and the

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earlier Impressionists, that is, in the choice of subjects; the present-day artists keeping close to the life about them, Wilde dealing still with the remote and strange as most fit to set up the train of pleasurable associations.

The tendency of this "new" æstheticism, the possible value of it, is not unlike that which we hope to derive from the art of the Post-Impressionists and their successors. The most unsympathetic may feel, I believe, that while the newest art seems perverse in choice of subject, and goes to such extremes (as the writers upon Cubism themselves confess) as "juxtaposing the six faces of a cube or the two ears of a model seen in profile," yet it does attempt to widen the field of art by dealing subjectively and sometimes profoundly with the volatile and subtle notions of depth, motion, etc., and by weighing and appreciating interrelations that are often overlooked. The value that may come from this new æsthetic criticism lies in the same direction of individual dealing with experience, which has already been claimed for the Symbolists, and has given rise to the modern and valuable conception of what we mean by *creative* reading, or *creative* observation. It is in this direction that the criticism of Wilde, deriving from that of Pater, tends.

The value of this new æsthetic criticism, however, is certainly limited by its strongly individualistic and subjective nature, which, on the one hand, does not give us any psychological analysis of the æsthetic experience (the ideal process being, as we see, effusion), nor on the other hand any social conception of the function of the critic such as one gets from the earlier æsthetic criticism of Walter Pater,—who in England, at least, is the point of departure for this later theory.

This scant review of Wilde's critical theory brings out his symbolic relation to his age. He is touched by the modern spirit in many ways, he suggests in his work many phases of recent thought upon art and literature. Because of this, even a *flâneur*, one who trifled with and abused life, is worthy of study by those who would observe the modern spirit in its growth.

Alice I. Perry Wood.

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# DRAMA AND MUSIC

## SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

"The Great Lover."—Miss Barrymore and Mrs. McChesney.—"Quinneys'."—Mr. Carpenter's hedonistic Baby.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

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JEAN PAUREL, illustrious baritone, darling of the operatic public, an incurable amorist at forty-six, is looking over a bundle of faded love letters. By one of them he is perplexed: it recalls no memory. "She cannot spell," he muses, "and she is stupid. She must have been very beautiful." She has had, it is made known to us, many successors. One, the latest one, he *truly* loves—"with his whole heart and soul," he tells her . . . Yes, of course he has said the same thing before . . . but this is different. And here, you perceive, is his tragedy, and the tragedy of that delightful, if slight and not too consequential comedy, *The Great Lover,* in which you may see Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, at the Longacre, doing as perfect a piece of histrionic comedy as we have witnessed since the death of Mansfield. A tragedy: because, now that he would give as never before, he has nothing to offer that is not tarnished, degraded, by a hundred transitory consecrations. "Kisses are kisses whether you mean them or not," says Jean Paurel, eternal philanderer and tragic-comedian, to the lady upon whose reluctant bosom he would now find an ecstatic peace. Of course he yields her to her younger lover, though she would solace his sunset years and console him for the passing of his voice. But a tragic-comedian he is, as we have observed; so, as the great passion of his life passes sobbingly through the door, you observe him, while the curtain falls lingeringly, arranging a rendezvous with the black-eyed divorcée who had come to worship him in his dressing-room the night before.

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We wish *The Great Lover* were comedy of a little finer grain, a little deeper reach—as excellent and artistic a thing, in its differing way, as *The Phantom Rival* of Molnar, in which Mr. Ditrichstein disported himself so beguilingly last winter at the Belasco. But, for all its obvious defects, it is immensely and continuously amusing—though were it far less so, we should still remember it with gratitude because of the infinitely varied inflections with which it permits Mr. Ditrichstein to say "*Chérie!*"

No doubt Miss Edna Ferber is entitled to a share in the guerdons which one must lay at the feet of Mrs. McChesney, in the person of Miss Ethel Barrymore; for assuredly Miss Ferber (together with Mr. George V. Hobart) is in some degree responsible for the delectable Emma. But we are of that unfortunate minority who have not read the stories in which Mrs. McChesney was wont to live exclusively for the world of letters; so, in our case, the question persistently lingers: How much of this singularly actual and vivid personage is due to the creative power of Miss Ferber and how much to the interpreting histrionism of the irresistible Miss Barrymore?

The question is pertinent and has, for us, a certain justifying interest, because the play contrived by Miss Ferber and Mr. Hobart out of the McChesney stories, which has for weeks made cheerful and happy the atmosphere of the Lyceum Theatre, is not a play at all, but a parade of types. It is discursive, inept, lacking a beginning, a middle, and an end; an uncouth, unsymmetrical framework for a display of some striking theatrical portraits. There is no disputing its humor, its wit; but one ends as one begins, by saluting Miss Barrymore for a triumphant essay in personation—this is comedy of a superlatively fine and adroit and penetrating sort. There has been dispute as to whether a traveling saleswoman can be a lady—or, rather, as much of a lady as Miss Barrymore makes Emma McChesney. But this is an economic technicality that had best be left to the experts.

As you cannot easily think of *Our Mrs. McChesney* without the participation of Miss Barrymore, so you cannot think of *Quinneys'*, lately at Maxine Elliott's, without Mr. Frederick Ross as the vain, irascible, affectionate, restless, psalm-singing antiquarian who holds the play and its audiences in the

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hollow of his hand. *Quinneys'* has a leisurely charm, a quaint humor; it has character and profile, individual flavor; and it is adequately supplied with the sort of appeal that is meat and drink to that awe-inspiring personage, the Average Theatregoer. But nevertheless, we cannot well think of it without Mr. Ross's *Joe Quinney*—with his exuberance of gesture, his tireless perambulations, his humming of hymn-tunes in moments of absorption, his delightful egoism and his equally delightful exacerbation, his Lancashire dialect, his final disgust with the "butterfly kiss." Perhaps a different conception of the part would be equally effective; but we should have no interest in seeing it. The actuality of Mr. Ross's *Quinney* is irresistible. What more should we ask?

This baby was a confirmed hedonist. To be sure, most babies are hedonists, though they seldom suspect it; and they do not often, after the engaging fashion of this particular baby, meditate upon their inner life. More seldom still do they find themselves and their moods, their sensations, and their psychic adventures recorded and celebrated in music. Therefore, it will be seen, the baby who forms the subject of our discourse is in many ways exceptional. He belongs (we hasten to explain) in no sense to us, but to Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, who has narrated, under the engaging title of *Adventures in a Perambulator,* certain important matters peculiar to youthful hedonists in a suite for a very large and very modern orchestra, which Mr. Walter Damrosch and the New York Symphony players permitted us to hear last month.

We have said that this baby was a hedonist. Moreover, he has read Pater. "How can we pass [we hear him wondering] most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?" This desirable focus is, in his case, Mr. Carpenter's symphonic perambulator (delightfully limned for us, in the orchestral narration, by strings and celesta). It is here, at the perambulatory focus, that the greatest number of vital forces "unite in their present energy." For this baby is not of the clan of Lamb's "Dream Children," who, once upon a time, inspired the indefatigable Sir Edward Elgar to the composition of illustrative music. The children of Lamb and Elgar were "nothing, less than nothing . . . dreams." They were "only what might

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have been." Mr. Carpenter's juvenile is of a clamorous and persistent actuality. Tucked into his perambulator by an indomitable Nurse (" she is older than I, and very powerful"), wrapped in a vacuum of wool, draft-proof and imprisoning, a strap buckled over his stomach, the Nurse stands firmly behind, and they are off. Whereupon it is at once perceived how the " vital forces " of our young hedonist converge and unite at this focal point. " ' Out ' is wonderful! It is always different, though one seems to have been there before. I cannot fathom it all. It is confusing, but it is Life!" And in the midst of Life is the most vital of forces—the Policeman: " an unprecedented man! Round like a ball; taller than my father. Blue—fearful—fascinating!" For the Nurse, too, this is a Vital Force. Here is Romance. There is a meeting, conversation. But our young hedonist, like the queen in the anecdote, is not amused: he terminates ruthlessly, by a private signal, this amorous encounter; and again they are off.

" Outdoors " is inexhaustible—this is indeed Life. But fleeting: " A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life." Emerges, then, the Hurdy-Gurdy. A dark man turns music out of a box on wheels; " a dark lady, richly dressed, turns when the man gets tired." They both smile. The hedonist smiles too, but with restraint "—for " music is the most insidious form of noise " (the " most expensive " form of noise, said Gautier—the hedonist is a poor quoter). Yet he is swayed. He would dance, with the Nurse and the Perambulator. But alas, at the moment of highest ecstasy, retribution falls. It is the Policeman, grim, blue, implacable. He has remembered the " private signal ": he has stopped the music—that irresistible waltz, dazzingly adorned with glockenspiel, harp, celesta, xylophone, is silenced. Music and players are driven away . . . " delightful, forbidden music! "

A new excitement follows—the Lake, with its little waves, quivering and fearful, and its pursuing big ones, that are really amiable; for you can see a thousand sunbeams dancing with impunity on their very backs. Can there be a more delicious thrill than is yielded here? There can be. There is. Dogs! One by one they appear; then in pairs; then in societies. " Little dogs, with sisters; big dogs, with aged parents. Kind dogs, brigand dogs, sad dogs, and gay." And of course the orchestra "Yaps!" with persuasive real-



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ism; and of course you hear "Ach! Du Lieber Augustin" and "Where, Oh Where, Has My Little Dog Gone?"

Now, his spirit having been set free, his senses having been duly stirred, according to the classic prescription for hedonists, our hero's soul becomes relaxed. "The wheels of my perambulator make a sound that quiets my nerves. I lie very still. I am quite content. In order to think more clearly, I close my eyes. . . . How very large the world is! How many things there are!" And so we leave our drowsy hedonist and his varied excitements, with the orchestra singing him to sleep.

The musical literature of childhood is small, and most of it is insipid and thin. Mr. Carpenter has enriched it. We can think of no music dealing with the psychological stuff of childhood that we would so gladly hear again as this winsome and subjugating suite. It is conceived and accomplished with unfailing tact. How easily, in the hands of a less scrupulous and reticent artist,—above all, in the hands of a sentimentalist with a defective sense of humor,—it might have turned into something merely saccharine and absurd. But Mr. Carpenter has a mellow and delicate humor, fine taste, a right and sure instinct in these treacherous matters. Moreover, he is witty, poetic, imaginative. We should be less than just to Mr. Carpenter if we forebore to say that we wish he would steel himself against the Debussyean wizardry and go more sturdily his own way. He does not need Debussy, when he can give us such pages as the opening, as most of the "Hurdy-Gurdy" section, as the close of "The Lake": here are beauty, charm, whimsical and contagious humor, at moments an enchanting tenderness. Looking back upon that dim and miraculous world, which is at once so near and personal yet so strange and incredible and remote,—which is even sometimes wholly shut away by forests and cities or by clouds and mists,—he has contrived to share with us the memory of his vision; so that, if only for a moment, we, too, remember those enchanted heights.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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# THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

## AN AUTHOR'S FAMOUS FRIENDS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

We should dislike to be great and famous and to have had conversations with Mr. Frank Harris; for we should fear, in that case, to incur the kind of immortality that has befallen many unsuspecting men of genius in the pages of Mr. Harris's *Contemporary Portraits*. "Behind his smiling amiability I divined a colossal conceit, quick to suspect and resent any lack of reverence," writes Mr. Harris. "I paid him compliments, therefore. . . . He lapped it all up with smiling satisfaction. . . . At the end of our talk he showed himself most kindly, amiable. My praise must have been grateful to him." This is what has happened to Renan, who guilelessly sat for one of Mr. Harris's "Portraits." To be sure, Renan is dead—as dead as Marley. But Maeterlinck is not; and when the author of *Pélléas et Mélisande* turns eagerly to the fifteenth chapter of *Contemporary Portraits* to find out what impression he made upon Mr. Harris, he will discover that when, for example, he incautiously praised Racine to his guest, he was uttering "complacent platitudes"; and that he displayed two peculiarly French traits which have their root in "a certain uneasy vanity." We shall not add to his discomfort by repeating Mr. Harris's definition of these traits; though, on the whole, we should rather exhibit "an uneasy vanity" than wear an expression that could truthfully be described as "ineffective." This "fumbling ineffectiveness," by the way, was a surprise to Mr. Harris—Maeterlinck's writings do not, he admits, prepare one for fumbling ineffectiveness. But you never, of course, can tell. Here is the most

[1] *Contemporary Portraits.* By Frank Harris. New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1915.

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poetic and sensitive of modern thinkers displaying a chin "drowned in fat," the forehead "bulging," eyes that lose color in the light and "seem hard." But Maeterlinck, nevertheless, comes off rather better in this encounter than does poor Renan, who must be content to face posterity from out Mr. Harris's pages with a porky jowl, a pear-shaped stomach ("which appeared to keep his short legs apart"), ill-kept nails, long, untidy, dirty-grey hair, and a frock coat stained with grease. But then, as we observed, Renan is dead. And perhaps what Mr. Harris says in his preface about his quoted conversations with great men applies also to his descriptions of them. These conversations, he warns us, are not literally accurate. They are his recollection of what took place. "I pretend," he says, "to spiritual divination, and not to verbal accuracy." And, furthermore, it should be remembered that Mr. Harris is an artist, and is therefore immune from the prosaic restrictions as to veracious chronicling which are imposed upon mere historians. We know this to be so, because Mr. Harris himself confesses it. "I am always artist rather than reporter," he tells us. He puts these portraits forth, therefore, as works of art: "'Here,' I say to my readers, 'are some of the most noteworthy of my contemporaries as they appeared to me.'"

The result is undeniably edifying. We cannot all know our great contemporaries as intimately as Mr. Harris has known his. Nor do they often unlock their hearts as Carlyle and Whistler and George Meredith and Matthew Arnold did to Mr. Harris. "I comforted him as best I could," he records in one passage of his reminiscences of Carlyle: a privilege the memory of which must be an inestimable comfort to Mr. Harris himself.

Mr. Harris has indeed been singularly fortunate in his intercourse with famous men. Renan plead with him for his opinion of the *Vie de Jésus,* and in turn elaborated for Mr. Harris his conception of Christ, despite the fact that Mr. Harris had been a little sharp with him. "His cawing, like a hungry baby-rook, for a morsel of praise, stiffened me," says our chronicler. Renan's vanity was clearly not to his best interest: "It was not worth while," says Mr. Harris, "to try to correct his illimitable conceit." Meredith also, we find, was a tax upon Mr. Harris's patience, because he insisted that "abnormal immorality was a proof of degeneracy." He had been asked by Mr. Harris to sign

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an appeal for the mitigation of Oscar Wilde's punishment, but Meredith refused. He seems to have entertained the quaint delusion that Wilde, having committed a crime, should suffer the legal penalty; and, further, he expressed the remarkable conviction (the absurdity of which Mr. Harris endeavored to point out to him) that "abnormal sensuality in a leader of men should be punished with severity." Meredith, as thinker and man, died for Mr. Harris then, and our author's sorrow was embittered with impatient disdain; for some years he had no further communication with Meredith.

Mr. Harris's meeting with Browning was disillusionizing. He first beheld the poet at a large lunch party whereat Mr. Harris and an Earl and a prominent member of the House of Commons were present. Browning wore a red tie, and to Mr. Harris he looked commonplace. Later in the evening Mr. Harris met him. Browning seemed despondent, and Mr. Harris, ever a spiritual stimulant to genius, sought to enhearten him—apparently with success; for "he appeared to be gratified." Mr. Harris carried away from his intercourse with the poet a conviction that Browning's beliefs were a mere echo of his childhood's faiths; that his optimism was of health and sound heart rather than of insight. "His was a bookish mind, and apart from books not eventfully original." If Mr. Harris had not known his poetry, he might have met him and talked to him many times without, he believes, ever imagining that Browning was a man of any distinction of mind. "Of course," he concludes, with a touch of misgiving that is surely without warrant, "all this may well be my fault: something in me may have displeased him." Mr. Harris is too sensitive.

It was also while eating that Mr. Harris met another famous English poet, Swinburne, with whom he dined at The Pines, in company with Theodore Watts (as he then was) about 1898. The dinner was plain, old-fashioned—there were two chickens, roast beef, apple pie, custard, and several bottles of Burgundy (Mr. Harris inexplicably says nothing about vegetables). Thus fortified, they discussed Hugo and Dumas, and Swinburne spouted French verse, crossing and uncrossing his legs rapidly, his fingers twitching and his head jerking about almost like an epileptic's. "He was evidently intensely excitable." Could he have foreseen, with the mystical prescience of the poet, Mr. Harris's future esti-

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mate of him? For Swinburne, it appears, is not a man of real genius—merely "a creature of extraordinary talent." There was "no elevation in his mind"; "no width of understanding; no fertility of ideas."

But Swinburne gets off very easily in comparison with Matthew Arnold. Arnold had asked Mr. Harris to advise him about his projected American lecture tour. Should he go or not? Mr. Harris was discouraging: "If your delivery is halting and slow, and your elocution faulty, they will probably go away to make lewd jests about you; in matters of art they are barbarians." Arnold was so disturbed that he exclaimed "Goodness me!" and confessed that he read even his own verses very badly: "I remember my wife used to say to me, 'I cannot bear to hear you read your verses, Matthew, you do mouth them so.'" Unhappy Arnold! he lives for us in Mr. Harris's illuminating book as, poetically, "a graceful singer of commonplaces." As for "the truth about Matthew Arnold and his critical faculty," Mr. Harris gives it to us, ruthlessly: "Puritan prejudice and English propriety debase and degrade all Arnold's critical work." And, as if this were not enough, we find mixed with these things "the essential oil, so to speak, of British snobbery." Mr. Harris is convinced that Arnold could never have been a great critic; "but he might surely have reached somewhat the same level as Swinburne had not English Puritanism debased his judgment." But was it Matthew Arnold, or was it Swinburne, who wrote of Euripides that "as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action, and emotion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens, compared to the second tragic dramatist of England [Webster] is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man"? We disagree with Mr. Harris: we cannot believe that Matthew Arnold, under any circumstances, could have reached that level.

We wondered a little, in reading this book, as to the color of Mr. Harris's soul. Pursuing this speculation, we turned to that public confessional, the English *Who's Who,* to which Mr. Harris has confided the nature of his recreations: he is, it appears, "a lover of books and men, who takes pleasure in the past by travelling and in the future by dreaming." No doubt we must be content with that.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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# "MUM'S" BOY

The following story—with some necessary omissions due to lack of space in THE REVIEW—was written and printed privately by Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach in book-form for the Boy and for those who knew him well. Because the story belongs to the universally appealing literature of boyhood, and is therefore worthy of a public audience, the Editor has persuaded Mr. Auerbach to consent to its publication in the pages of THE REVIEW at this Christmas season. It can best be appreciated after a reading of the Preface. —EDITOR.

*FROM "MUM"*

*TO HIS DEAREST BOY*

*As you see, I have had this story bound up within the covers of a little book so that you may keep it always, and thus know of my great love for you and my sure faith in you.*

*You see, too, from the added photograph which "Baba" has made of us, how you are sitting on my knee, with the pasteboard toys, we two have made, by your side; and how you are looking as if understandingly at the manuscript of the story, which some day, when just a bit more of a boy, you must really read over to me with many a laugh, as I tell you still other stories about yourself. If, however, I am not able then to be with you because I have been summoned to go upon a Long Journey, you must nevertheless read it, if not with laughter, at least with a smile; for I would never consent in any way to be the cause of needless tears or sorrow to you.*

*I have, of course, a great longing to keep company with you in coming years; but unfortunately or fortunately—we never can be quite certain which it is—some of the fondest wishes we mortals make are denied to us. Yet, though I am not sure of thus being with you, I am sure of these things: If long life is your portion—and God grant it may be—the fine boy will grow into the finer man; the world will be the better and the wiser because you have been in it, while those about you will have more joyous lives; and many a poor fellow, that has stumbled and is in sore need, will know the reassuring grip of your kindly hand, as you lift him to his feet.*

Only a little child to you he seems; and yet
I have to bounteous Heaven no greater debt
Than gift of his dear soul; imaged in that rare face
Whereto an angel's charm could not add other grace.

And my fond love for him would last, were I to live,
While streams to seas their ministering waters give;
The moon be mistress of the ebb and flood of tide
And sun for dull earth the quickening light and guide.

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Were I to live, my love for him would ever grow
Till kindly deed to noble thought no tribute owe,
Till ardent faith should have no shrine, no hope, no sky,
And heroes lose their life who for their country die.

YES, it was concerning this boy—who was with us just before dinner, and who has grown so of late in brain and body—that I wrote some time since, when I had persuaded myself and was seeking to persuade others, that those whose dwelling-place is the spirit-world can, if we so wish, be of our earthly company:

Perhaps you will bear with me for adding an experience of my own.

Once a child came to our household; but ill fitted for the rough, dusty highway of life, he made but a short journey along it. His days were only sufficient to enable him to know a few things and to lisp a few words. One of the things about him which he recognized and loved—perhaps because it was of such close kinship with himself—was the butterfly, and one of the words he first learned to utter was "Butterf'y." I see him now as I have seen him all these years—as clearly as one can see through tears—with tiny foot uplifted, to descend in little emphatic stamp as he said his one big word. There came a day when, summoned to a distant city on a professional errand, the last I saw of him was as he repeated for me, with that voice which was all gentle music, his Butterf'y. Alas, before my return, the spirit of that child, which had come out of the unknown to our household as a brief resting-spot, had fluttered back to the place whence it had come.

Years went by and now the counterpart of this precious memory, another little boy of a later generation, only just a bit sturdier, has come into my life. This newcomer is my good comrade. Often he takes me by the hand—much more than I can be said to take him by his hand—and we wander off in the fields together, to see the flowers and birds, and talk over a good many things which are more worth while than some of us at times realize. It is true I do most of the talking, for he does not yet talk in language which we are apt to think the only means of communicating ideas. Yet he expresses his assent and dissent in a way clearly understood by himself and quite intelligible to me. Then, if his step suggests weariness, he climbs to my shoulder and we leave the bright skies and continue our comradeship indoors. Always at some part of the play, in his own invented way, outstretched on half-bent knees he hides his face from me away down among some banked-up pillows. Thereupon I am to call the roll of the places where he is not to be found, and he is to answer "No" with that musical, rising inflection all his own. Finally I must guess where he really is. And when—after his mouse-like silence, which is confession—I find him laughing as only he can laugh, underneath a shock of golden, sun-lit curls, I am quite sure then, as I often am, that something of that other child has passed into the soul and the face of this gentle, manly, beautiful little boy.

I suppose it is true that in the interval he has almost come out of babyhood into boyhood, though doubtless I have not quite realized this as have others. For the day-by-day change has been well-nigh imperceptible to me, except when those curls of his were ruth-

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lessly cut away, while to you there was the baby and there is now in part the boy—even though he is but slightly beyond his fourth year. Heaven be praised, however, that he has not now, and my prayer is that he will never have, a precocious hair in his wise little head.

Sometimes it occurs to me that he may have been too much with those of mature age and not enough, as a rule, with children. Yet on reflection I scarcely believe this, seeing how eager he has been for a companionship which, while not wanting in wholesome frolic, has made many a journey into Fairyland and Wonderland and found treasures there for the possession of all of us. So it has come about that this romping, thoughtful boy is by turns my playfellow and dreamer and philosopher, though I will not admit having been the pedagogue with him. On the contrary, he has taught me that which concerns not only babyhood and boyhood but life, and in generous measure he has been the teacher of himself as well as of me; for often when asked by me how he came to know this or that he will answer with some surprise in words that remind one of the childhood of English speech: "Why, I learned it to myself."

Day by day some new, agreeable surprise from him awaits me. No book on the library shelf out of line with its neighbors and no telephone receiver upside down on its supporting hook escapes his critical eye, since he is a great stickler for order; no new object in the room is passed by unnoticed. When breakfast is brought to me he delights to pour my coffee while we sit face to face, each at the head of the small table; and he has long regarded his good offices as a substitute for the sugar I once declined. So now preliminarily he will often ask me with bewitching smile, "Well, do you want *fweet* coffee this morning?" And he knows in advance that I shall surely get it without offending his odd conceit or my palate. To his little poet's soul the wet wood in the fire sings to him, the rumbling flame over the dry wood there is his drum; the snow is getting its drink in the melting; the sky with its loud, thundering noises is angry and wicked, and happy and good again with smiling sunshine; the blueberries he hunts for but does not find are hiding from him, and he has not needed Shelley to tell him that it is for the thirsting flowers the Cloud brings fresh showers. Rarely is there a talk between us without some addition to the long roll of these quaint accomplishments. Some of these are flashed out like brilliant minute sparks from the anvil, never to be visible again; some take hold of him and become part of his baby philosophy and course of conduct. He has his own way about it all, however, not being urged to feature one or minimize the other; and as a rule he is a wise judge.

And then his questions—No, I forbear, for the answers which follow on the heels of his interrogation points are altogether too meagre for my vanity. What an unfailing source of interest also it is to hear him give a medley of his many dreams—now through

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jungle land and waste places, but oftener through inviting surroundings, at one time with us all, and at another with strangers to him and to all human kind—compounded about equally of fact and fancy, and for the hidden meanings of which neither I nor any Dream Book can ever have a solution. How the pendulum of his alternate work and play—for he is an expert at each—swings to the extremes, only to come to a state of well-earned rest and solemn quiet! But even then at times while wide awake and looking off abstracted into space, he will ask us not to interrupt him for a moment, because "*I am thinking.*" We never fail to humor him in this, for long ago he persuaded us of his inability to collect his big thoughts while we chatter. Sometimes it turns out that he is devising slight additions for one of the machines he is constructing (for as I shall presently tell you, he is a great inventor), to be off in a jiffy at his work; arranging for a new place to conceal himself or some little object at "hide and seek"; or planning the drawing of a new picture toy. But alas for his pride or vanity, at times he is forced, like the rest of us in the world, to realize sadly that reflections produce nothing worth the mentioning; and then he will add —with a candor not always characterizing adults: "Well, I dess I only thought I was thinking."

Still at times he seems to lack any very lively sense of reciprocity, for I was called to account by him the other day for my silence. Nor was my question ever satisfactorily answered, whether I, too, was not entitled to do some thinking on my own account. For his lament, "But I feel so lonely," was quite sufficient for the mills of my talk to be set grinding again.

It has been my custom often to ask him, half-seriously, half-playfully, "Well, now, young fellow, why am I proud of you?" and invariably I get the roguish, smiling answer: "Because I am good." During the past Summer while we were installed in "Magnum Donum," the home of the "Good Bishop," who until he died was so much of the life of ——, I improvised a sleeping-porch out of an upper balcony. The youngster's room was just below me. One morning the frolicsome pranks of this very modern, boisterous specimen of

> Young barbarians, all at play,

roused me near dawn and forbade further sleep, and at breakfast I told him all about it. The next morning there was nothing from his room which approached the disturbance of even the patter of a mouse's feet or the dropping of the negligible pin; and after rehearsing his virtuous conduct, he wished to know whether in consequence I had enjoyed refreshing sleep. In explanation of my "No," I told him that some altogether wicked flies, which I had failed to take the life of, had pestered me till I elected to exchange the hammock for the bath. He was silent for a while, but it was the thought-

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ful silence, for his discerning, reminiscent comment was, "Well, Mum (his name for me), I dess then, ou wer'nt very proud to dose flies."

Yes, "Mum" is his name for me, talking machine that I am —the little satirist; and from the novel coinage of his brain he utters other queer names in abundance. One grandmother, Katharine, is just "Valla"; baby girl cousins are "Tiny Tom" and "Tiny Valla"; one aunt of the same name as Valla is merely "An' Puice," and another aunt "Tiny Valla's Mama"; his other grandmother, Virginia, is "V," while Margaret one of the maids is his "Bogan." So he goes on with his nomenclature.

I will not stop to tell you the numberless manifestations of his tender love for us, since then my story would never end. You would have eloquent, convincing illustration of it all, if permitted to see him sitting now and then with the latest newcomer, "Tiny Valla," in his protecting lap, bending his joyous face over his precious charge, and hear him say as to himself, when he is warned not altogether to smother the young lady with his caresses, "But I love her so, I love her so."

I said he was a philosopher. Will you doubt it when I tell you this? One evening, rather exhausted with an exacting day, I had come home without the high-pitched greeting which is the signal with him for something like *The Children's Hour* of Longfellow; and, believe me, he can be a whole troop of children all by himself. Up to my knee he climbed while I was gazing into the fire, and laying his cheek against mine and putting his arm about my neck, as always when I do not invite his chatter, he sat silent, wistfully content. His "Valla" as well as myself noticed this evening that he seemed especially desirous of ministering to me by an unusually prolonged quiet; and we wondered just where his thoughts were, though to have questioned him would have been altogether too earthy a procedure. It may have been that he was philosophizing over the mystery of moods in his elders; though quite as likely, unselfish soul that he is, he was building some gracious Dream Castle of restorative Peace, where his loved ones might sojourn now and then, as a refuge from the vexatious experiences of life.

By and by, nevertheless, he ventured to call attention to his discovery that one of the hands of the clock was longer than the other; and when I said that the minute hand went the faster, he searchingly asked of his volunteer witness whether it was thus made longer because of the extra work it had to do. The only answer he received was a smile, along with the information that the minute hand was a rapider traveler for me with my gray hair than for himself, since each time it made its hurried circuit he was merely becoming more of a boy, while I was hastening on to be an old fellow. The paradox met with the judicial, though puzzled and slightly sympathetic reflection: "Well, that's funny, Mum." So you must concede me the

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right to call him at least my " dreamer-philosopher," or my philosopher-dreamer.

You see, however, I did not sit in judgment on his " parts of speech "; for then much of my appreciation of his quaint wisdom and wonder would have gone for naught. For though his " funny " had little reference to " fun," is he not as accurate as many of his elders? You cannot have much doubt of this, if you recall how a talkative world makes spoiled pets of its " funny " and " jolly " and " awful " and " nice " and " delicious," and a long list of other words, while our noble but slighted vocabulary pleads eloquently though in vain for recognition. Or, to put it differently, we with our language exact unfair, impossible service of so many overworked substitutes, while unfatigued and disciplined hosts of reserves—eager to keep musical step and make great conquests for us in life—are rarely ever called to the colors.

Yet it is possible I can persuade you by an incident that he is not without the qualifications which may make him a discriminating grammarian one of these days. Once upon a time he was told by way of pleasantry that he must not, as was his custom, interlard his conversation with so many " gots " as to be rival of English lady —or English lord, for that matter—of high or low degree. Puffed up with the vanity of a little knowledge, he later called his " Baba " to account for having stated that somewhere, something or other had been gotten. When quite evidently his " Baba " had justified himself, this embryonic academician said: " Yes, I see. If it's a new thing from Schwartz's I've ' got ' it, but if it's an old thing of mine (from Schwartz's) I just have it "—a distinction between acquisition and possession which it would be difficult for any budding Lindley Murray to improve upon. And while it is true that the " from Schwartz's " of the illustration was rather over-featured, we have never been quite able to satisfy ourselves whether this was not artful rather than tautological and superfluous. At any rate, his reward at the toy palace was a new whistle—not dear for us at any price—with which, along with the forewarning, upthrown arm, our inimitable mimic might better play his rôle of big fellow in the Traffic Squad.

However, I must not let this digression interfere with my saying that his young uncle, with no slight gift for pen and pencil sketch, on learning of the clock incident tried his hand at illustrative doggerel verse, with a trifling variation of what happened. But inasmuch as we must be tolerant of the poetic license, doubtless I should not complain of the revised version.

He looked up at the great big clock
That stood against the wall:
" And why is one hand long, Mum,
And the odder one so small? "

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"Why, one must travel faster, John,
With a longer way to go,
And the other is a lazy hand,
That's why he moves so slow.

Now, I am on the great big one,
With work and thought and care,
And you are on the smaller one,
With lots of time to spare."

So when I had explained it all
As careful as could be,
He thought awhile and then he laughed—
"Dat's funny, Mum," said he.

I must not forget to tell you this too. His "Baba" unexpectedly summoned to the city left the youngster for a fortnight further at "Magnum Donum." His "Muzzie," who went too, sent him by mail a book of absorbing Indian stories, out of which his "Valla" would read to him just before he went to bed. The book became not so much a possession as an obsession, and at times he merely seemed to tolerate the day for the sake of this longed-for evening hour.

As the time approached for him to go away I would picture to him what my loneliness would be until we met again. At first the young sophist undertook to persuade me that I was wrong about this, but his smiling face showed that he was not sad when it was quite apparent that he had made a mess of his effort; for like the rest of the world he does not turn a forbidding face to appreciation. Yet he was the little child eloquent on the last evening before the day of his leave-taking, when climbing up to the couch where I was resting he took me captive with his speech. I do not recall it all, but there was the promise not to forget me day or night, to remember me in his prayers and to draw one of his favorite sketches and copy in capital letters a love message (at both of which performances he is an adept) and send them to me in what he terms "A Bended Letter"—always a wonderfully fascinating production. And finally, with a touching bit of sentiment and a generous impulse all his own, he added for his peroration: "And 'Mum' I'll leave my Indian book for you."

Even this was not the end, for just then his "Valla" called from an adjoining room that the time for reading had arrived; and though you will be quite prepared to understand he did not rush off from me pell-mell, perhaps it will not occur to you that he declined the invitation as with manly voice (in which, Heaven be praised, there was no trace of the false, sacrificial, better-than-thou note some of us perfervid adults make use of when merely doing a gracious act) he called out, and I repeat to you his own words: "No,

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' Valla,' I'm sorry, but I can't come; for I am here talking things over with ' Mum.' "

Do you wonder that I still thrill with emotion as I recall this scene, as I did, when with his hand gripped in mine we went together to the evening reading, or that now and then I tell him he is my little *magnum donum* from the gods?

How often we omit the reason of persuasion and patience for these youngsters! Some time since his nurse, so that he might not be quite out of the fashion, taught him to sing *" It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary;"* and, oddly enough, he carries the tune well, though no one ever thought he had much of an ear for music. He learned it in this wise:

It's a long way to Tipperary;
  It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary;
  It's a long way to go.
Good-bye, Piccadily;
  Good-bye Leicester Square.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
  But my heart's right there.

Just as an experiment, rather than because concerned about his being a bit off the road of accuracy, I explained how the lines had been written and ought to be sung. He was easily persuaded that the fourth line should be: " To the sweetest girl I know." For, in his manly way, he has ever the considerate thought for the humans and even the things about him, that appear likely to need his ministering care; and peculiarly within his tender keeping is always the girl, provided she be sufficiently " tiny." And if I were to assume the rôle of a prophet, I should predict that when he grows to maturity he will entertain many an old-fashioned idea of womanhood, rather than some new-fangled, modern-day notions as to feminism.

When, however, I came to suggest the substitution of " Farewell, Leicester Square," for the " Good-bye, Leicester Square," I encountered difficulty. There was no distinct remonstrance, but every time the song was sung, it was only " Good-bye, Leicester Square," though I told him what good company " Farewell " and " Good-bye " would keep with each other. One day when still advising the change, I noticed in quivering lip and tear-filled eye unmistakable signs of an imminent disturbance; and I knew what it was all about when he asked me: " Yes, but what does Farewell mean, Mum? " Thereupon I took down from a library shelf one of the big volumes of the Historical Dictionary and with an approach to seriousness read, after a fashion, all that Farewell originally meant and had come to mean as time went on, and pointed with solemn finger to quotations, wherein some of the illustrious of the world had given

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the word a generous welcome. His doubts were all resolved, and no one can now induce this docile boy to sing the song otherwise than as it was written, and as he is convinced it should be sung.

He learned a good deal more, too, than the correct version, for it was further evidence to him that in seeking to understand and guide him aright, the "rule of reason" is as binding upon us as it was upon the great judge in the interpretation of an epoch-making statute. And if, as he now sounds out his "Farewell, Leicester Square," you could witness the grateful, triumphant look on his face, aglow with a smile—which an angel might well envy—you would not need to be told that surely all of his heart is not away off there in Tipperary, but that a goodly part of it is here—safe in my possession.

With what promptness, too, may one get co-operation from these youngsters! This boy not so long ago fretted and at times cried overmuch without apparent cause, though later we came to the conclusion that it was largely due to a former nurse, who though a good soul was as ignorant of the workings of a child's mind as of the Binomial Theorem or Kepler's laws of planetary motion. We therefore did what lay in our power to lead the unhappy little fellow to the right way.

In explaining how in all likelihood there was now a good John Junior and again a bad John Junior, I suggested that when a cry-baby was on the scene what remained of the good John Junior might be very well occupied in going to a nearby window and dropping the wicked one down, down, down—no matter how perilous the height or how disastrous the consequences. The plan almost always worked to his satisfaction; and day by day the bad John Junior went to his destruction, the good John Junior for the time being left in full and peaceful possession of himself.

Yet inasmuch as the wicked side partner had a remarkable capacity for resurrection, I devised another method whereby a smile might exorcise the Evil One more effectively. Then there were even greater and more lasting marvels; for if I was ready to wipe away the tears—and this was always required of me—the sunshine invariably streamed back again for him and me. Thereupon I told him, in his own language, of the converse of the rule of ethics, whereby punishment in the Court of Conscience, unlike that in the courts of law, lessens with each unrebuked offense; and made it quite clear to him how heartened are men for further resistance, by successfully setting their faces against the folly of the world. Do not for a moment think that he did not understand me, for he is now quite convinced that the oftener the smile makes conquest of the tears, the less likely will the impish Master Hyde think it worth while to lay siege to the citadel of young Dr. Jekyll, which gets more and more impregnable to the attacks of his treacherous, persistent enemy.

Even then he was not satisfied with what he had just learned,

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but, like a wise boy, continued in still further quest of understanding. For, though realizing the miracle wrought by the smile, he was interested in finding out whether, when the tears were there and the smile nevertheless came, it was the good John Junior or the bad John Junior that really did the smiling. I tried very hard to satisfy his curiosity, but my effort was labored enough, now that I think it all over. Perhaps you, too, may discover that arriving at the correct answer is not wholly free from difficulty; for, after all, which is it in us, man or child, that does the smiling on like occasions, and would it not be a pity if it were always the saintly part of us?

He frets and cries no more now as of old, and he informed me the other day, while singing at his tasks, with no end of improvised themes both musical and verbal, that the bad John Junior had gone for good and all. I answered that I scarcely believed this, and it is quite possible that involuntarily I may in my selfishness have thought I hoped not. For I should not grieve at seeing again this miracle wrought by the smile; and do we not always shudder at the permanently and in consequence the very probably ostentatiously good in this world?

This whole subject interests him mightily, and not long since he was desirous of finding out whether the bad John Junior ever by any chance had a virtuous interval. I told him in language he understands without the interpreter, that I was sure of it, seeing how many are the occasions when the wicked were moved by at least good impulses, which in the Court of Forbearance often constitute relevant, convincing testimony to disprove total depravity. And before long I shall persuade him that not so much by a consideration of a few of our deeds, as by the balance to be struck at last between the good and the bad in us, we or our biographers, if we have any, may know how stands the account of our lives. Have no doubt, however, that in the case of my boy the good will be the minuend and not the subtrahend; and if ever he is inclined to be disconsolate over some inevitable back-sliding, he will be able to realize through such comforting words as these, with how little, after all, of worthy achievement the best of men must be content:

> Year after year, he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. *Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:*—surely that may be his epitaph of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field: defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!

Yet before leaving this part of my little story I must confess to surprise at the result, though I ought to have been prepared for surprise only if there had been no such result. For here was a human being, on tip-toe for the light, yet blind as to the way; and he was enabled to find it from but a few feeble rays of Fancy. He was, it

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is true, a little human being, but all of us are poor enough in vision if some of that light does not shine for us.

Too often we are abashed if a censorious, supercilious, matter-of-fact world finds us off the highway ablaze with garish, artificial lamps. That world would have us concern ourselves with what it conceives is the substance of things—things to be eaten and worn and trafficked in, but which are often but empty shells; it thinks that mortals can live by bread alone. Seeing fads and fancies yoked together it fails to realize that Fancy and the fad have no kinship; and finding Fancy sometimes made to masquerade in the garish colors of buffoon and mountebank, it thinks the lock-up the proper abode for her. As for the Imagination, why, many of us by a large majority vote long since ostracised her from our life. Vital things, too, including reverence for what is worthy as well as regard for what is beautiful, went with them into banishment; and if a new Paul should arise to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, he need expect no trembling from some of us; he might consider himself fortunate if not greeted with a titter.

May our boy, wiser than all this, visit often in days to come, the country where Fancy and the Imagination dwell and rule, and thus have the joy and profit I have tried to portray in these lines I have written for him:

> It is a lordly realm where these two hold
> Their sway—no cabin'd room for slipper'd ease
> To doze in idle, pleasurable musings;
> A land roofed in by firmament alone,
> Its walls horizons vast of visions built;
> Where bankruptcy of mind and soul becomes
> A treasury rich in wondrous wisdom;
> And high resolve with covenant new receives,
> From proffer'd chalice of the dead immortal,
> Valorous strength for sturdy thought and deed,
> The zeal for youth that will not dread of age,
> Assurance of the way in paths of gloom
> And life expectant of a joyous dawn;
> Where littleness with all its baneful brood
> Slinks off abash'd, as through the wide-flung gates
> On peaks resplendent stream the floods of light
> For vigil's recompense.

At times he pictures to me what is to happen, when it will be his great good fortune to be the really big fellow; and he longs for the hour to come with magic flight. But I tell him my hope is that his wish, so disquieting to me, will have pinioned wings, for I know with Emerson the "witchcraft of curls and dimples and broken words."

Once I read him as my justification those beautiful Swinburne verses of *Not a Child;* and never did adult seem to understand better the music of the lines. When the other day he laughed long and



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merrily as he lay in my arms, I read him another of Swinburne's gems; and this wonder-working poet could have looked down from the spirit-world upon no more eager listener than this blessed boy of mine:

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
  All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
  Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
  Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
  Fills a child's clear laughter.

As his resourcefulness is appealed to, the toys of babyhood are no longer the absorbing things of interest they once were; and just before Christmas he made the novel proposal to me that he would like them to go to some poor but "tiny" children who might treasure them. As for himself, why, big fellow that he is, he constructs out of chairs and tables and sofa, odd blocks and whatnots, with broomsticks for the support of the protecting "woof" from wind and weather—(and every loitering adult in the household within reach is required to be among his apprentices, for he tolerates no drones about him)—"Opotobiles," taxicabs, "twolley" cars, "aewoplanes," victorias, hansoms, and all kinds and conditions of vehicles of transportation. Among them is the Santa Claus sleigh with toys galore for other little ones; and his Christmas comes more than once a year. And if you will but listen to his explanations, they are lighted, heated, and well-fitted out, with all modern appliances and improvements—including bells and horns, to wake pedestrians out of the trances into which they seem often to pass while crossing thoroughfares.

Should you fail to see all this and think you are looking at the things out of which the construction is made and not at the construction as he evolves it, why then you would be a fancyless, hopeless old fellow of the slippered, pantaloon stage, or perhaps worse, the Mr. Dryasdust materialist.

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We think of the child as capable of arriving at the meaning only of Nursery Rhymes—and of course they should be of its repertory. And though this youngster knows a goodly number of them, he is familiar with and says over to me again and again many an exquisite line from Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses.* While he will tell you with odd comment all about *Jack the Giant Killer, Red Riding Hood,* and *The Three Bears,* he is stirred by the melody and fascinated by the story of *The Culprit Fay* and *The Forsaken Merman* as now and then I read some of the lines to him. As time goes on and he has the benefit of other like reading and instruction, not only advantageous of itself, but equally so for its suggestiveness, will he not have an ever-increasing apprehension of the distinction between what is worthy and unworthy in life as well as in letters? Will he not see on a widening horizon finer prospects, and know at a glance the abyss between the magical color and beauty of the intellectual treasures of the world, and some of its dull, cheap, debased accumulations?

To expect, under some conditions, results different from those we often witness in the upbringing of the young in our charge is, if we give heed to the sayings of the wise, not a reasonable guess, and the astute gambler would pronounce it not even a fair bet; and if we would realize how thoroughly the child is the embodiment and manifestation of its environment and experiences, we have but to read Walt Whitman's *There Was a Child Went Forth.*

Then, too, he is beginning to find wisdom elsewhere than in prose or poetry, for he is learning to gaze longingly into that great book which Nature invites us so persuasively to turn the pages of. Never since he came to the years of awakened intelligence have I failed, when with him in the fields, to call by name the bird or wild flower or tree or plant we came across. It is true he remembers but a few of these names, but it is enough that these few have lodgment with him now; for by and by, he will come to know Nature, just as men are made conversant with a foreign language—by living with it and unconsciously becoming part of it. He will come to know, too, among many other things, how it is that the earth renews itself, why flowers have color, how they are propagated, why there are tides in the sea, and the immutable laws which bind countless worlds into one vast and limitless Universe. Then the humility and reverence which will be his possession should leave no place for such a forbidding intruder as vanity or arrogance.

When he is no longer required to be in his bed as the chickens go to roost, you may be sure he will be taken out-of-doors to look at the heavens, and thus not grow up with the shamefully meagre knowledge so many of us have concerning the glories there. He will not merely see some lights above him, for he will have learned how the stars have been grouped in constellations since the dawn of civilization in the world; how they appear in song and legend, why they

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are aglow with light and color, and what their part is in the divine order. And though he will doubtless never have much of an acquaintance with Spherical Harmonics, he will know intimately all about the Music of the Spheres.

This boy is not applauded for doing the things which it ought to be natural for him to do; he is scarcely commended for doing them. The approval or disapproval which he sees on the faces of those about him serves often to guide him aright. If this course be not sufficient, he, as a rule, is left to suffer the consequences of his misconduct. Toys which he destroys are not replaced for him; only those which by inevitable accident are put out of commission. He is not coddled, nor is he threatened; but he is told what is to happen to him in small measure now, and in large measure hereafter when he has entered the world of responsibility, if he flouts the counsels of prudence. But admonition is his sole punishment, for to such a sensitive, gentle boy a slap would be a transgression and a rough blow next door to a crime. And while we are now and then sorely pained to see him suffer even slightly (though, perhaps, it is deeply) from the effects of petty wilfulness, we never, on such occasions, seek to buy back his smiles by insincere bargains or offers. We comfort ourselves, however, with the consoling thought, how in that good old Bible word "tribulation," rightly understood, there still persists its original etymological truth—the threshing of the husk from the ear.

His trust in his fellows is unrestrained, for the promises made to him are religiously kept, and no one is permitted ever to tell him what was not, what is not, or what is not to be. Accordingly he has an abiding confidence in the sayings of those about him and never has reason to doubt that what he hears is the truth, the whole truth, or anything but the truth. For he is quick to see that we feel bound to govern ourselves in intercourse with him as he does in his intercourse with us, by the honor of the Code. And when once I read him in *Peter Pan* of the lapse of Mr. Darling into deception, he did not seem to think the transgressor had atoned too much by the kennel-penance.

May no experience in life ever serve to dissuade him from holding fast to such wisdom!

Have no fear that he will ever become the abnormal, prating moralist, for he is, thank Heaven, a well-balanced boy. And would that the thinned ranks of the well-balanced might be recruited by the Gods or the Fates (or whosesoever function it is to attend to such matters) by lordly fiat or propagation along lines not even necessarily eugenic—so urgent is the need.

Yes, let me thank Heaven again that he is a well-balanced boy. Thoughtful but equally playful, he can turn a handspring a good deal more engagingly than the stage acrobat. He can be silent, but he can summon about himself, when driving his "Opotobile" or

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" twolley " car or " aewoplane " or Santa Claus's sleigh, a great company of hearers and talkers (for he lets them take a reasonable part in the conversation), with whom he interchanges views of a variety which would be the despair of many a clever ventriloquist, and with the eloquence of a great advocate. While at times as sober as a priest and as solemn as an owl in his outlook upon life, at other times he can be as merry a soul as Old King Cole; and when the spirit of mischief possesses him and he is convinced that the occasion has come for its exhibition, you will find him a spectacular and often a noisy showman. You would have no doubt on this subject, if ever you had seen this boy and that former nurse of his when he, elusive little beggar, was scampering off from her through the streets, and she, " large, loyal, and aggressive " as the cook of Bret Harte, was in hot pursuit, which seemed likely at any moment to end with her giving up either the ghost or the chase.

As for his humor, why it is so contagious that he would be shunned as a plague by many a mental or moral dyspeptic (I sometimes fail to understand which it is) who always looks and sometimes talks as if desirous of robbing you of your belongings, and who, if having anything to transmit, would in all likelihood disinherit you here and hereafter as well. Perhaps I should add that any effort to improve upon that humor would be as " wasteful and ridiculous excess " as the attempt to gild refined gold, or to do any of the other foolish acts recounted in the words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Salisbury, when King John had insisted upon the superfluous and hazardous fourth crowning.

Yes, thank Heaven for the third time, and for all time that this boy of mine is thus well-balanced.

Then, too, what a comforting reflection it is that when this well-balanced boy grows to maturity, he will not wait to be drafted into service, but will straightway join the ranks of well-balanced men, of whom there is to be such crying need in approaching years! How thrilled is one by thoughts of the momentous mission of these few men—since they will never be of the majority—with their sane, stimulating, reassuring message!

For though, in some respects, there is a justifiable protest against the existing economic order, a reconciliation must be found somewhere between the smug satisfaction of the reactionary and any I. W. W. creed; and the good there is in Socialism is only to be welcomed if divorced from its crudities and abominations. Present moorings are not to be cast off from, until the menace of drifting into perils which invite inevitable shipwreck is provided against, by a clear idea of the directions whither we are to lay our course. Though for the safety of the voyage we are all making, some of the cargo wherewith experienced, right-minded men long ago set sail needs to be jettisoned, the ship must not for this reason be turned

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over to the chart and compass and black flag of a piratical crew. If it ever be the ideal function of the State to see to it that in wages or comfort no laborer or his dependents shall fall below a prescribed level, the State must first concern itself a good deal more than it has heretofore done, with the conditions under which immigration is permitted and children are born and reared. The arrogance and whip of Capital and the distrust and evil weapons of Labor must be laid aside, so that their hands may be free to join in the grip of a common interest.

The lesson must be learned, even by grievous experience, that Government cannot cure all the ills which flesh is heir to; and that at times it is good gospel as well as good law to permit accepted rules of conduct as well as of property to go unchanged, though in consequence there be the resulting individual hardship. And if in the past some traditions and precedents have been held in too high regard, the distorted creations of Cubist reformers should not be set up as idols for worship. Admittedly the hard facts of existence must be faced, but there are nevertheless dreams to be dreamed; and though misery tugs at the heartstrings, the door must not be slammed in the face of wise counsels of the head, which warn us against the besetting dangers of injudicious succor. Nor, at times, are the words of Scripture less true to-day than when they were uttered: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

While arrows are to be aimed at the stars, they can at the same time be shot in directions where they are likely to transfix and bring down something for the urgent needs of earth. As never before must the practical and the ideal find a common meeting-place in the activities of our lives, though to reach the best that Heaven or earth has for our portion, we are not required, as some of us seem to believe, to go high in air or far afield on land. We need merely to catch the inspiration of such an utterance as that of Walt Whitman:

> I am afoot with my vision.

The voice must be lifted discriminately even in prayer; and Wisdom adopted Juvenal as a favorite son, when in that matchless Satire he besought mankind to invoke for itself *mens sana in corpore sano,* and depicted how grim ruin can be visited upon us through the granting of our improvident appeals, by the too indulgent gods.

The seductive promise of the gold brick of a statutory material millennium must not be permitted to corrupt the judgment, while we grow tolerant of the meagre things of the spirit which heretofore have so often been the portion of the world. If some old orthodox religious views no longer serve for guidance, we can find other sustenance than that proffered us by the venturesome, if not presumptu-

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ous, founders of new religions, and, like Wordsworth, understand that there still are

> Authentic tidings of invisible things

and that faith may

> . . . become a passionate intuition.

Nor, as they see often how few are their converts, will these well-balanced men grow disheartened or weary in well-doing; for they will know that one may not plant to-day and reap to-morrow, and that Lowell uttered no greater truth than:

> Endurance is the crowning quality,
> And patience all the passion of great hearts.

Nor will they—No, I must not thus wander away from my boy, for he ought to be the most of my sermon as he is the whole of my text; or, prosy-preacher-like, I may be talking to my congregation sole in its sleep. Or at least the selfish, depressing thought will come to me that when he is thus found in the ranks of well-balanced men, I, alas, shall be afar off. Therefore for your sake and my sake let me turn back to him as my present treasure.

You need never fear to find in this boy even the vice of selfishness, any more than you need look for ugliness in his expressive face; and as well expect guile or wilful wrongdoing from him as destructive cold from radiant sunshine. Nor will you ever be called upon to hear from him the cheap vulgarity of speech so repugnant to men of sensibilities. He will inevitably now and then tell, as illustrative of the passing incident, the story which is not for drawing-room consumption; but he will never consent to be foul-mouthed as some gentle people apparently take pride in being, while they pour out pointless stories with little but gutter filth for their recommendation. He must go out into the world and in a measure be toughened and perhaps coarsened by contact with it, for much rough wind and weather will be met with there. His walk will not always be such as to ensure him against stumbling; and he will at times, almost as a matter of course, wander off from that path which experience has found to be the best for man to travel over—though his goings are not likely to be so headlong and reckless as to bring him within the danger zone of the deadly precipice. Nevertheless he cannot wholly lose his way, for he will have always the information whereby to find the path again.

You must not misunderstand my view. I am not so foolish as to think he has learned many things, but I am clear he has learned that which will enable him hereafter to recognize some of the standards whereby he is to measure true achievement in life; and this is one of the best things for mortals to learn. And he has had more than a glimpse of another of those best things: that the simplest,

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rightly ordered thought and word and deed is not merely something worthy of itself but has a relative value in being a link—not liable ever to be broken or even weakened—in the chain that binds us to what is ennobling and enduring.

No, as I think it all over, I have few if any misgivings that the close companionship with his elders has taken from him aught of the zest of boyhood, whilst it has given him these intimations as to some of the elements—often obscure to the man as to the child—out of which the stuff of character is to be fashioned. And I am sure that, as the years go by, he will be as responsive to the reproachful plaint or the righteous outburst of injustice, and to the mute misery which has no cry, as ever was Knight of Old to the summons of chivalrous impulse; and that by reason of caution and fidelity he will be as much entitled to be considered the good soldier for high endeavor in life, as were the veterans to be chosen against the host of the Midianites, for the twice-sifted army of Gideon.

You saw how he went his way to bed after his prayers—those fervent beseechings for the well-being of all of us, by name or included in the "everybody I know"—though he did not this evening, as he sometimes does, first put the handles of the desk drawers to sleep by turning them up against the supporting wood. You recall how—clinging to that toy baby, sadly battered but dearer to him than all the toys of Toyland, and throwing his many kisses to us with winning gesture and smiling injunction "Now don't lose 'em"—he climbed step by step to the floor above with his oft-repeated, melodious "Good night, fweet deams, God bless ou," and last, but not least, his "Amma Gamma"; and though what the meaning of this last is we shall perhaps never fully know, we are quite sure it is a wondrous, all-embracing benediction.

I have tried to make it clear to him how such blessings minister to us in life; and some day, and in the near future too, as I read to him Charles Reade's inspiriting words in *Christie Johnstone*, he will be told that for me and the others about him his blessing has as magical and quickening a voice as the great tumult of gratitude of the old fisherwoman must have had for the noble benefactor, who had assured her that "want should never enter that door again."

His Lordship had risen to go. The old wife had seemed absorbed in her own grief; she now dried her tears.

"Bide ye, sirr," said she, "till I thank ye."

So she began to thank him, rather coldly and stiffly.

"He says ye are a lord," said she. "I dinna ken, an' I dinna care; but ye're a gentleman, I daur say, and a kind heart ye hae." Then she began to warm. "And ye'll never be a grain the poorer for the siller ye hae gien me; for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Then she began to glow. "But it's no your siller, dinna think it; na, lad, na! Oh, fine! I ken there's mony a supper for the bairns and me in yon bits metal; but I canna feel your siller as I feel your winsome smile, the drop

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in your young een, an' the sweet words ye gied me, in the sweet music o' your Soothern tongue. Gude bless ye!" (Where was her ice by this time?) "Gude bless ye! and I bless ye!"

And she did bless him: and what a blessing it was! Not a melodious generality, like a stage parent's, or papa's in a damsel's novel; it was like the son of Barak on Zophim. She blessed him as one who had the power and the right to bless or curse.

She stood on the high ground of her low estate and her afflictions, and demanded of their Creator to bless the fellow-creature that had come to her aid and consolation.

This woman had suffered to the limits of endurance. Yesterday she had said: "Surely the Almighty does na *see* me a' these years!"

So now she blessed him, and her heart's blood seemed to gush into the words. She blessed him by land and water. She knew most mortal griefs; for she had felt them. She warned them away from him one by one. She knew the joys of life; for she had felt their want. She summoned them one by one to his side.

"And a fair wind to your ship," cried she; "an' the storms aye ten miles to leeward o' her." Many happy days, "an' weel spent," she wished him. "His love should love him dearly, or a better take her place. Health to his side by day; sleep to his pillow by night."

A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a Pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended—

"An' oh, my bœnny, bœnny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, AND WI' THE PUIR IN THE WARLD TO COME!"

Slight wonder that "His Lordship's tongue refused him the thin phrases of society."

Yes, of such sort is this boy's blessing, and as I have said to him more than once, so long as he continues to be the fine fellow, his prayers for himself and for all of us will avail much, both here and on high.

His part in life is blessing;
Ours, only to be blest.

He is surely far away in dreamland now, and may his sleep and dreams be those of the exquisite lullaby of Caroline McCormick:

Good night, oh little love of mine, good night;
The stars are bright,
But in the skies above thee—who can say?
Haply the slumber stars, more bright than they,
Shall guide thy feet along a flowery way
To morning light.

Dream on, oh little love of mine, dream on;
The day is gone,
But who can tell what sunlit fancies fill
Thy dreamland with delight? So wander still
Across the blessed fields of sleep until
The morrow dawn.

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Years after these verses were printed in *Harper's Magazine*, they were engrossed and illustrated marginally by the daughter of one of my clerks, with all the toys ever sold in shop or born in the brain of child. The work of art hangs always in its attractive frame at the foot of his bed to ensure this boy of mine generous sleep and beautiful dreams. Is it not fitting that these should come to him under the spell of such lines?

And now as the time approaches for us old fellows to say Good Night, let this be our parting thought.

Perhaps as we thus sit here communing with each other over companionable pipe and genial fire, he—God bless him now and always—is with his "opotobiles" and "aewoplanes" and "twolley" cars and Santa Claus's sleighs or his toys of others' making; or is marching along at the head of his well-drilled company, with one of the household as drummer, another as "horner," another as "flagger," and still another as "horser" (for the cavalry mount is easily enough improvised with one of the supporting broomsticks of the "opotobile woof")—all keeping step to "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," with a devotion as loyal as ever led men forth to generous deed and noble sacrifice. Or it may be that the little fellow, at rest from his day's labors, is engrossed in solving for to-morrow some of the knotty problems which defied solution to-day, or is holding his "Tiny Valla" in caressing arms and gentle embrace. Nor must you consider me quite foolish if at times I seem to see him in his sleep looking upon the angel face of that other boy of mine, the "young-eyed cherubin"; nor quite selfish if I think it just possible that amid an attendant train of admiring ones, he catches a glimpse now and then of his grey-haired biographer and lover:

"Mum."

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# NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

NOTES ON RELIGION. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Lawrence J. Gomme, 1915.

Mr. Chapman's thin little volume of thoughts upon what is at once the largest and the most personal of all problems, the problem of religion, has in the first instance the effect both of strongly arresting the reader's attention and of putting him unusually upon his guard. Among really capable thinkers and writers hardly one in a hundred has the ability to write in summary or fragmentary fashion about a great subject, without either overleaping himself or lapsing into commonplace. To deal with a great subject in this manner requires insight, and insight—which means, perhaps, a peculiar development of that power of feeling or realizing a subject which gives the cue to reason—is of course rare. The temptation to mimic the literature of insight, with its assurance, its elevation, its abbreviated logic, is ever present to the writer who strives principally for effect. Hence a book that begins in the strain of Mr. Chapman's book not unnaturally raises a certain presumption against it in the reader's mind.

True insight, however, is usually distinguished by the union of an earnestness which may lead to boldness, or even to exaggeration, of statement with a kind of fundamental tolerance. No one who has deeply felt or realized a human problem can help being tremendously in earnest about it; yet no one who has really entered into such a problem with his whole heart as well as with his whole mind is in much danger of falling into a narrow dogmatism. Still less is he likely to descend to *communia maledicta*. Mr. Chapman's *Notes* show the traits of true insight in that their challenging vehemence and incisive criticism are backed by fundamental tolerance and a kind of imperturbable serenity.

These qualities are manifested in the critique of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the first and by far the longest of the notes or essays in Mr. Chapman's volume. This is in some respects as severe an arraignment of Roman Catholicism as has ever been penned by a responsible modern writer not avowedly engaged in sectarian controversy. Yet it is by no means splenetic. Mr. Chapman's cen-

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sures, indeed, are based upon a kind of sympathy, and, doctrine apart, he seems to come close to the religious heart of Catholicism. "The object of this paper," declares the author, "is to spread the news that all the abuses of the Roman Church are made possible only through their connection with a sentiment which is holy." And the reader is made to feel the holiness of the sentiment quite as strongly as the evil of the alleged abuses. Even in religious persecutions Mr. Chapman finds a sort of historic logic, and while heavily condemning these, he sees in them something far more considerable than a cruel and perverse intolerance. Indeed, until we rid ourselves of the fatal habit of attributing impossibly shallow motives to others, until we become capable of recognizing sincerity when we see it, there is no possibility, Mr. Chapman thinks, of our grasping either the historic significance of the religious problem or its meaning to us at the present time.

Mr. Chapman is no pourer of oil upon troubled waters. Historically, religion has been, to imperfect human beings, a source of discord: it has brought not peace but a sword. And there are indications that the historic tendency of religion to set men at variance one with another has not spent itself. By a perfectly natural process the Church in mediæval times became a powerful instrument of government, and thus the salvation of Europe. By a process quite as natural the temporal function continues to perpetuate itself: "individual kings have abdicated, but no organization has ever abdicated." This is an evil, but it is an evil deeply, if illogically, rooted in a truly religious frame of mind. Thus it is apparent that the point of view advanced by Mr. Chapman is not suited to soothe antagonism. To those who believe that theirs is the only true religion it is perhaps little less offensive to be assured that the faith of their hearts is one of several truly religious beliefs than to be told that it is a belief altogether false. To those who are complacently indifferent to religion, the author's message, though by no means an appeal to hatred, is in effect a call to arms.

Nevertheless, the evident aim of Mr. Chapman's treatise is not merely to emphasize certain differences which he conceives to be profound and vital, but also to lift the religious question as far as possible above the level of narrow contentiousness and vulgar strife. "Our real enemy," declares the author, "is not religion. . . . The real enemy is confused thought and bitter feeling. Our need is the development of intellect, the rise of spiritual interests, the awakening of new individual power in breasts both Catholic and Protestant throughout the land." And again: "The real battle is never a battle *between* different kinds of people, as, for instance, between Catholics and Protestants. . . . The real battle is in the heart of each man. . . . You who look on the whole movement from without, do you not know that the real breach, the real remedy, must come from within? Look upon no man as your enemy.

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Do not regard the Roman Catholic mind as your enemy. In reality you are a part of that mind." Obviously, then, while Mr. Chapman sometimes goes quite as far in the direction of extreme assertion as a conscientious writer may permit himself to go without adducing detailed proof, he cannot be charged with narrowness or with unworthy motives.

In fact, the principal and perhaps the most important effect of the whole treatise is to compel a realization of the need of a larger religious consciousness, and in this sense its deepest criticism, after all, is aimed not at Catholics but at Protestants. We have been asleep, it appears, and it is now full time to awake. We must rouse ourselves from the nightmare of materialism or from the lethargic slumber of indifferent matter-of-factness. We must realize the historic significance of religion, its indestructibility and its present meaning. Yet in this awakening, this fresh realization, we must avoid the fundamental error of subordinating the whole to the part, the end to the instrument. "It is plain that any recipe which ensures piety—like any recipe which makes art easy—weakens piety or art." Moreover, we must not, as superficial thinkers do, fall foul of that profoundest of human paradoxes, the truth that while we are called upon for individual effort, nothing is done except by the will of God. "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." All progress, declares Mr. Chapman, has come "as the operation of God, and has gone forward apparently against the will of everybody." In religion, therefore, "if we will but allow God to do the work without setting up a machine of our own, it will be done wholesomely, and we ourselves shall become robust." On the whole, no more penetrating comments upon personal religion have been written in recent times than some of those contained in Mr. Chapman's *Notes*, and the treatise as a whole can hardly fail to broaden and deepen the reader's view of the tremendous question that is its theme.

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WHAT MAY I HOPE? By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Longmans, Green and Company, 1915.

Men are never through with the struggle to make plainer to themselves and to others the meanings of those originally hard-won distinctions between abstract ideas upon which reason, or "common sense," must rely for clearness of thought regarding those problems that come closest to the individual soul. Such words as *belief* and *knowledge, faith, hope* and *charity,* to say nothing of *beauty,* have never been fully or accurately defined. We have found, indeed, that all human "faculties" or activities tend in the last analysis to merge into one another as being aspects or energies of the same

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mysterious self which is the undecomposable inner reality. Despite this realization (which has saved us in some degree from the error of merely debating about words, after the manner of the Greeks) the process of distinguishing between the common-sense elements of thought still goes on—as it ought to go on; for the part of wisdom seems to be not to abandon all distinctions that cannot be shown to be absolute, but rather to strengthen and emphasize these, always bearing in mind their relative nature.

This is in general the method pursued by Dr. Ladd in the series of books which he has written with the aim of answering four fundamental questions of human thought and life: the questions, What can I know? What ought I to do? What should I believe? and What may I hope? These books, intended as they are for popular reading, are to be described as works of edification rather than as treatises on psychology or metaphysics. In point of fact, they are both. A preacher who simply urged his hearers to be sincere, to be good, and to have faith in goodness, might do in a manner what Dr. Ladd has done. The difference between Dr. Ladd's analysis of fundamental questions and all ordinary forms of moral exhortation is, however, great enough to give the former a distinct and superior value. Taking as convenient starting points those ideas of knowledge, duty, belief and hope, which exist in every man's mind, Dr. Ladd analyzes them and traces them to their inner sources. In so doing he compels his readers to distinguish away the sophistries and obscurities which cling about the psychological or ethical notions of the untrained or lazy thinker. He presses his analysis, moreover, to the point at which it becomes fairly obvious that there must exist a basis in reality for our beliefs, our sense of duty, even for our less substantial hopes, always provided that these have their origin in reason as well as in desire.

The incorrigible metaphysicist will perhaps find this method unsatisfactory. It is not enough for him to be brought to the necessity of recognizing a basis of reality: he ardently longs to know just what the nature of this basis is. It would be, of course, mere impertinence to scorn the labor of the metaphysician who seeks to describe reality—even though his quest be indeed the traditional search "in a dark cellar for a black cat which does not exist." Dr. Ladd's investigations, too, are in their way metaphysical. But whatever the strict requirement of the searcher for the absolute, to most of us—humanly speaking—conviction is conviction. No one whose soul has been reached by Dr. Ladd's methods is likely to deny that he has a soul; no one who has succeeded in clarifying his thought through reason will be inclined to diverge from the path which reason clearly points out, even though it fails him before he reaches the goal.

Dr. Ladd's treatise upon hope is of somewhat fresher interest even than his works upon knowledge, belief, and duty, inasmuch as

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the idea of hope has been less fully treated hitherto than the ideas which form the themes of the earlier books. In importance, this book, *What May I Hope?* proves scarcely inferior to any one of the other three. To be sure, most persons would promptly enough agree that hope ought to be both moral and reasonable—these are the author's fundamental contentions;—but there are few who could give any coherent account of the nature or justification of this readily assumed belief. Such an account Dr. Ladd supplies. Applying his tests to personal, social and scientific hopes, to the hope of moral perfection, the hope of immortality, and the hope of a divine kingdom, the author is highly successful in forcing his readers to recognize the fundamental psychological validity of morality and reason, and in enabling them to see to what extent these two elements may warrant the highest hopes. Taking broad and sympathetic views, the author finds use and justification not merely for the cautious hopes of the typically "reasonable" man but for the "hope too high for which we die" of the young and the enthusiastic.

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AFFIRMATIONS. By Havelock Ellis. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915.

What one wants and expects in a critic is first of all a man with a point of view both reasonably definite and reasonably liberal—a man, too, who applies his general ideas of life and literature to individual works with firmness but with due modesty and without pretense of absolute finality. Such a man is Havelock Ellis, whose book of critical essays, *Affirmations*, originally published in 1898, has been recently reissued—a recognition of its worth which it richly deserves.

Without attempting to distinguish closely between competing schools and methods, one may in fairness declare that Mr. Ellis is a representative modern critic—a highly successful practitioner of the art as it is now understood, so far as any common understanding in regard to it exists. In general, Mr. Ellis's point of view is humanistic and scientific. As he seeks to render this point of view more specific, it becomes usually psychological rather than ethical or philosophic. Mr. Ellis, however, keeps his fundamental beliefs well in check, confining their influence for the most part to the task of clarifying the particular subject in hand, seldom extending them in such a way as to bring into question the whole philosophy of life. Mr. Ellis is thus possessed of the necessary definiteness of standpoint; he shows sufficient liberality in the interpretation of life (for nothing human is excluded from his philosophy); and he is in general modest—as scientists are usually modest—in the broad application of his views. Occasionally, it is true, Mr. Ellis carries his scientific view considerably beyond the immediate critical purpose of the moment; and the old-fashioned reader gasps. "Be sure," writes the author, in his essay on Huysmans, "that Nature is your home and that from

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the farthest excursions you will return the more certainly to those fundamental instincts which are rooted in the Zoölogical series at the summit of which we stand. For the whole spiritual cosmogony rests, not indeed on a tortoise, but on the emotional impulses of the vertebrate mammal which constitutes us men." This is scientific naturalism; but disbelief in the all-adequacy of this view need not debar one from the pleasure and profit which are to be derived from Mr. Ellis's criticism. One does not require a complete philosophy of life from a modern critic, but one may forgive him for having one!

One may well be grateful, too, for the clearness of thought which enables Mr. Ellis to define in satisfactory and reasonable terms the meaning, for example, of the tendency called decadence as contrasted with classicism. Classicism, according to Mr. Ellis, is simply the subordination of the parts to the whole; decadence is simply the subordination of the whole to the parts. Each is equally right and necessary; the whole question as between the two is not moral but æsthetic, and the confusion of morality with æsthetics is bad. "We are not called upon to air our moral indignation over the bass end of the musical cleff." No doubt there is here, also, a case open to argument. To distinguish clearly between the province of morals and that of art is eminently desirable; yet to deprive morality or moral analogy of its control over the manifestations of art would be quite another matter. Doubtless what we call decadence and much of what we call evil is but a natural stage in the normal process of life-development. Is it therefore to be approved? Or is there a discernible tendency in the affairs of men which is to be approved, while its contrary—natural though it be—is to be uniformly opposed?

The case must be taken up to the supreme court of philosophy. Meanwhile, there is much to be gained and little to be lost by accepting Mr. Ellis's point of view. It is a point of view that frees one from sentimentality and cant, from narrowness and prudery. It enables one to understand and to value at their true worth the great writers whose minds were abnormal, self-tormenting, or self-thwarted.

It results that Mr. Ellis has much that is fundamentally clear and illuminating to say about each of the several great and singular geniuses of whom he treats in *Affirmations*. In the essay on Nietzsche he points out as a fact of cardinal importance Nietzsche's increasingly clear conception of the fundamentally psychological nature of philosophy. "Nietzsche knows that a man's philosophy, to be real, must be the inevitable outcome of his own psychic constitution. It is a point," continues Mr. Ellis, "that philosophers have never seen. Perhaps Nietzsche was the first, however hesitatingly, to realize it." In the chapter upon Casanova, again, Mr. Ellis not only enables us to understand the "immense range of human interest, the audacious realism, the freedom from

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perversity," which make the famous *Memoirs* one of the greatest books of its kind; but he also introduces a most ingenious and evidently sound theory to explain the value of that literature of which Casanova's *Memoirs* may serve as a type. The book which is unmoral but not immoral may, Mr. Ellis believes, subserve a true use by affording a vent for impulses ordinarily suppressed, but not in themselves unhealthy. Thus, a book such as the *Memoirs* gives the reader a sort of harmless moral vacation. Indeed, one function of art, Mr. Ellis suggests, may be to furnish a moral equivalent for what would now be considered impropriety—just as athletic sport furnishes in some measure a moral equivalent for war. The reader of the essay upon Zola will be rewarded with insights of another kind yet of no less value. In this essay Mr. Ellis rids a great reputation of many false or confusing connotations, discovering the artist in the man and making the character of the man, as moulded by experience, explain the limitations of the artist.

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MEMORIES OF A PUBLISHER. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1915.

Among writers of reminiscences there are few who consistently resist the temptation to loquacity, still fewer who can afford to do without a considerable measure of the story-teller's plausible art. George Haven Putnam is exceptional in both respects. His *Memories of a Publisher* is a book packed with information, anecdote, impressions of notable and interesting people, comments upon the political problems and events of the period between 1865 and 1915. Each entry in the record of Mr. Putnam's active life during this period—the record of a life rich in manifold interests, in rewarding experiences, and in pleasant associations—is of independent interest, and practically complete in itself. Each contains something worth while from the viewpoint of history or literary biography, to say nothing of the interest which commonly pertains to a personal record. A feature of the book, moreover, which adds not a little to its readability and usability is the author's business-like habit of pursuing a given topic to its end, regardless of the break in chronological sequence which this entails.

In the present volume Mr. Putnam supplements the account which he has given in an earlier work, *A Memoir of George Palmer Putnam*, of the publishing house founded by his father, taking up the record at the year 1872. In his story, however, the business of publishing holds a very minor place; the narrative deals frankly and familiarly with remarkable men of many kinds whom the author knew; it treats straightforwardly and understandingly of events and movements in which for the most part he was directly concerned. An early chapter contains interesting sketches of some



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of the old London publishers—men such as Richard Bentley, John Murray, George Bell, Sampson Low and Henry George Bohn—whom the author met when he went to England in 1866 to renew the relations of his father's firm with the English book trade. Among the notable Americans of whom Mr. Putnam gives us glimpses, and often much more than glimpses, are Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, Chester A. Arthur, Jefferson Davis, Grover Cleveland, Henry Villard, Edwin A. Abbey, Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph Choate and John Fiske. One chapter is devoted to a group of pleasant anecdotes relating to a number of Japanese acquaintances, including Prince Ikawura, Count Ito (then a member of Ikawura's staff), Baron Kaneko, and many more. Later sojourns in England are sources of many extremely interesting anecdotes or brief character-sketches. Some of the English notables who figure in the tale are William Morris, George Macauley Trevelyan, Oscar Browning, T. Adolphus Ward, Walter Besant, William Blackmore, Edward A. Freeman, Leslie Stephen and Lord Kitchener.

The author's political activities have been important and varied. Mr. Putnam was a member of the Society for Political Education formed in the late seventies, and of the National Civil Service Reform Association of 1887. He was one of the small group of independents, called the "Young Scratchers," who played a noteworthy part in the Presidential contest that began to take shape in 1881, as well as in the State elections of 1879.

As a public-spirited citizen of New York Mr. Putnam has been connected with a number of civic movements; he relates much that is interesting concerning the work of the City Club, the Citizens' Union, the Bureau of Municipal Research, the Committee of Fifteen and the Committee of Fourteen. He offers, besides, a somewhat extended account of the proceedings of the Grand Jury between 1879 and 1914, giving particulars regarding the investigation of the failure of Grant and Ward. Mr. Putnam relates in full the story of the fight for international copyright in which he was intimately concerned. The conclusion of the volume deals with some timely and interesting notes and letters on the European war.

Mr. Putnam has written a readable book, and one that will long continue to have readers. The frankness which makes it possible for him to write of Theodore Roosevelt as a born fighter, with the makings of a good soldier, "except for a certain tendency to insubordination," and to describe Lord Kitchener as "modest enough in his utterances on matters in which he was an accepted authority, but disposed to be 'cocky' in his conclusions on things of which he knew little or nothing," gives zest to the human interest which pervades the book.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## THE SINCERITY OF PROHIBITIONISTS

SIR,—Col. J. M. Gilmore, President of the National Model License League, in a letter published in a recent issue of the REVIEW, asks this question: "Don't you think that the prohibition movement has reached a point where its sincerity should be questioned and its leaders called upon to show cause for their demand for prohibition that is not intended to prohibit?"

Well, from the beginning of the prohibition movement until now the sincerity of prohibitionists has always been questioned by brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers, and politicians of all sorts who curry favor with the Liquor Interests. And it will be questioned as long as it lasts. If, at this point in its progress—for it is steadily progressing—there should be a more importunate questioning by the Model License League, it is because the liquor traffic is in more imminent peril than ever before—at this writing nineteen commonwealths have placed the traffic in intoxicating liquors under ban of constitutional or statutory law, and other States are contemplating similar radical legislation. Colonel Gilmore, of course, knows that his attempt to head off the movement by assailing the sincerity of its official leaders does not meet the real social, economic, industrial, political, and moral issues that are involved in the discussion.

In the first place, even if the leaders—such men as Bishop Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and other clergy—are not honest in their agitation for prohibitory laws; even if they have *not* intended to prevent the *use* of intoxicants (this is Colonel Gilmore's charge)—it is because they have been politically wise enough *not* to demand the enactment of sumptuary laws. If anything is settled in politics, this is settled—that government possesses power to control, regulate, or prohibit any traffic which is found to be inimical to the general welfare. Knowing this, the prohibition leaders have always confined their activities to legislation against a traffic which all civil courts have declared inimical to public welfare. And they have steadfastly adhered to this in spite of the fact that pro-liquor men have always charged them with attempting to secure the enforcement of sumptuary laws. Colonel Gilmore is simply criticising them for not doing that which he would have been one of the first to denounce as interference with personal liberty.

Colonel Gilmore questions the sincerity of the prohibition movement because an illicit traffic continues in spite of adverse legislation. But it continues in spite of the model license.

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I happened to attend the first meeting of the Model License League Convention at Louisville, and I am quite willing to concede his sincerity—and that of such men as Mr. Atherton. In no other convention, even of prohibitionists, have I heard the lawless saloon more vigorously excoriated. All the speakers agreed that the bad saloon did more harm to the liquor trade than prohibitionism—and they expressed the most fervent desire to get rid of it. So they accepted Colonel Gilmore's model license as an automatic method of eliminating the bad saloon-keeper and freeing the retail liquor traffic from its offensive features.

Colonel Gilmore came to Ohio during the sessions of the Constitutional Convention, and it is largely due to his influence that the convention and the electorate repudiated the tax law which had utterly failed to provide against evils consequent on the dram-shop traffic, and adopted the license system.

But, although less than three years have elapsed, the head of the Cuyahoga County Liquor Dealers' Association declares that in Cleveland alone there are 1,500 illicit saloons, that the police make no effort to enforce law, and that brewers and distillers furnish these "blind tigers" with beer and whisky on the same terms with the regularly licensed saloons. If preachers had made these statements, the police would have questioned their sincerity, but they are made by a liquor-dealer.

Similar conditions prevail in all other cities in the State.

I shall not express doubt of Colonel Gilmore's sincerity—but he ought to know, what all prohibitionists know, that the so-called lawless saloon—the dive—is always protected by the so-called law-abiding saloon. No prosecution of a dive has ever been instituted without arousing the trade to its defense. And no license system has yet moralized the saloon-keeper—and never will. The Prohibition party and the Anti-Saloon League have made no distinction between the dive and the Gold Dollar Cafe because there is no difference in the business. And they are consistent in their movement, because the trade is a unit everywhere.

The liquor traffic belongs in a class by itself. All civil courts have recognized that fact, and the Supreme Court of the United States has pronounced it devoid of all inherent right. Colonel Gilmore's model license itself is different from all other forms of license because it is granted on the assumption, or fact, that special restraints must be imposed upon the liquor traffic; that the interests of the community must be especially safeguarded. Granting that the imposition of such a license is constitutional, it must not be forgotten that the Supreme Court has decided that it is required *because* the liquor traffic is a source of crime and misery, and, by the exercise of a State's police power, may be absolutely prohibited without compensation; because the liquor-vender knows, or is supposed to know, that he has no inherent right to sell intoxicants under conditions of the retail trade, and that the right which the State grants may be revoked without redress.

Colonel Gilmore does not submit without protest to these decisions—but he ought not to think that he really deals fairly with the liquor problem when he questions the sincerity of prohibitionists, in view of the fact that they agree with the Supreme Court of the United States, and that the decisions of all courts are in their favor.

GEORGE M. HAMMELL.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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## COLONEL GILMORE'S REPLY

SIR,—Mr. Hammell says that from the beginning of the prohibition movement the sincerity of prohibition has been questioned by men connected with the liquor trade. This is true because, from the incipiency of the movement, its leaders have invariably safeguarded the right of the individual to buy and use liquors, and this provision must inevitably be a nullification of the prohibition idea.

Mr. Hammell tells us that Bishop Wilson, of the Methodist Church, and other leaders of the Anti-Saloon League Movement, whom he refers to as "other clergy," have "been politically wise enough not to demand the enactment of sumptuary laws."

This is a remarkable admission, and it admits my entire contention, in so far as the sincerity of this movement is concerned.

To prohibit the sale of liquor within a State is very destructive to the distiller, the brewer, the wholesaler, and the retailer, but it is not even a movement in the direction of prohibition if the law provides that "every citizen shall have the right to have liquor shipped to him from without the State for personal use."

Would it be prohibition to prohibit the manufacture and sale of firearms in Connecticut, if the law provided that every citizen should have the right to have shipped to him from without the State such guns and pistols as he might require for personal use?

Would it be prohibition in a State like Kentucky to prohibit the manufacture and sale of tobacco, if the law provided that every citizen should have the right to have cigars, smoking tobacco, and chewing tobacco shipped in from without the State for personal use?

In a word, we must have sumptuary legislation, or we cannot have prohibition. If the laws do not prohibit the purchase and use of liquors, then I would like to know from Mr. Hammell, or some one else, what purpose there is in their adoption.

I do not believe in prohibition, but I do not fear prohibition, because I do not believe that one man in a thousand would vote for prohibition if it prohibited him.

When I spoke before the Ohio Legislature on the Rose Bill I offered an amendment to the law providing a penalty of $100 fine and thirty days in jail if any man ordered liquor shipped into a dry county, or if any man brought liquor into a dry county, or if any man had liquor in his possession in a dry county; and I said that if this amendment was adopted the entire liquor trade of Ohio would withdraw its protest against the passage of the law. The amendment, however, was opposed by the leader of the Anti-Saloon League movement in Ohio, and it was opposed by the ministers who were present, and it was not adopted by the Legislature.

The Rose Bill, however, was passed, and it destroyed thousands of liquor dealers, and at the same time provided that the dry counties of Ohio might be legally flooded with liquor through mail order channels from outside the State.

Self-interest would not persuade me to stand in the way of any great good to society, but I contend that there is no value in what is called prohibition, nor any sincerity, so far as the real leaders of the movement are concerned.

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We hear of "prohibition States," and yet the liquor trade is authorized, by the laws of the States mentioned, to ship to consumers in Kansas for personal use any quantity; Maine, any quantity; Oklahoma, any quantity; North Dakota, any quantity; Georgia, any quantity; Arkansas, any quantity; Tennessee, any quantity; Oregon, any quantity; Colorado, any quantity; Mississippi, one gallon as often as desired; Alabama, two quarts every fifteen days, equal to twelve gallons per annum; North Carolina, one quart every fifteen days, equal to six gallons per annum; South Carolina, one gallon per month, equal to twelve gallons per annum; Washington, half gallons every twenty days, equal to nine gallons per annum; local option counties in license States, any quantity desired.

Virginia has not as yet placed a limit on the quantity that may be shipped in for personal use, but it will be seen that the Anti-Saloon League will advocate the admission of more liquor than the people have ever been known to use.

It is true that Arizona voted in favor of an amendment prohibiting the shipment of liquor into the State for personal use, but this was because, just prior to the election, the Attorney-General declared unconstitutional this feature of the law, and at the present time it is being attacked in the courts by the Temperance Federation of Arizona,—the Secretary of which, Mr. Bucknam, declares that "we covenanted with the voters of this State that in exchange for their votes for prohibition their personal liberty should not be abridged"; and Mr. Bucknam says that, but for this promise that the individual should have liquor for personal use, prohibition would never have carried in Arizona.

Summing up the case, therefore, I would call attention to the fact that the liquor trade of the country very naturally is opposed to prohibition, and that the Anti-Saloon League is equally opposed to prohibition, and that the only difference between the two is this: the liquor man contends that it is best that liquors be sold locally so that the sale may be properly regulated and revenues result, whereas the Anti-Saloon League opposes the local sale of liquors, but contends for their shipment to individuals through mail order channels.

I would also call attention to the fact that in 1850, when prohibition was first advocated in this country, the per capita consumption,—according to an able writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and according to the admissions of the Anti-Saloon League, and according to the records,—amounted to a little over four gallons per capita, and with the spread of prohibition there has been a corresponding increase in the per capita consumption of liquors, until at the present time the records of the United States Government show that we are using, per capita, about twenty gallons of fermented liquors, and something less than one gallon and a half of distilled liquors, every year.

I do not undertake to encourage the use of wine, beer or whisky any more than I would encourage the use of coffee, tea or tobacco, because I do not know whether the world is better off or worse off because of the use of these commodities, but I do contend that, since the dawn of civilization, all peoples have used wine, and for several thousand years at least they have used strong drink, and I am convinced they will continue in the future to use such beverages, and this regardless of any laws that may be adopted in this country, or in Russia, or in any other land.

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Holding such views I cannot escape the conclusion that it is the part of wisdom to regulate the sale of wine, beer, whisky, etc., so as to minimize the abuses, rather than to undertake suppression, which invariably increases these evils.

I am just as thoroughly opposed to-day to the lawless saloon and to the evils of excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages as I was at the time of the first convention of the Model License League to which Mr. Hammell refers, and I am more than ever convinced, after years of the most painstaking investigation of this question, that the adoption of what is called "prohibition" invariably drives the lawful element out of the traffic and turns the business over, so far as the local sale is concerned, to an element in our population that does not respect either law or public sentiment.

T. M. GILMORE,
President National Model License League.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

## SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR DEFENSE

SIR,—It is evident that the citizens of the United States do not want a military expansion that makes for militarism, but are ready for an increased national defense.

Our first line of defense is the navy. Fortunately the policy of our navy has given us a heavily armored battle fleet, with superiority in guns. As Admiral Goodrich says in his valuable article[1], "It is the gun, and the gun alone, which has determined the issue in naval battles." In the American navy the gun has been the main thing. Other navies have been led astray by the craze for speed. Our navy has a consistent battle fleet, which can command our seas. Our policy should be, to maintain a program of ship-building that will properly increase this battle fleet, and retain its superiority in guns.

It is probably a fortunate thing that our navy has not followed the latest naval fashion for battle-cruisers. It was enthusiastically assumed that they would be able to take their places in the fighting line—and do everything else besides!

The German navy built many of these fast ships with lighter armament, and they are all classed as "Dreadnoughts" among the "28," so freely used to terrify Americans. The war has already shown the vulnerability of this class of ships, and they are no longer considered strong enough for the battle line. Their tactical value is still urged, on account of their extreme speed, with increasing "ifs" and "buts." Their cost is enormous, and it does not seem sensible to build a $20,000,000 unit for use in scouting, raiding, etc.

Our navy needs scouts, and, putting away the lure of the battle-cruiser, a class of ships of extreme speed, with good guns, could be built at the cost of few battle-cruisers. The usual "armored cruisers" would be useless as scouts or screens for our fleet.

Given our fleet with a proper screen of scouts, our navy should have, in addition, a number of submarines. Defending a coast like ours, these craft would be invaluable. Distributed along our shores, they would

[1] "The Future of the Battleship," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, September, 1915.

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greatly increase the mobility and efficiency of our fleet. Our first need is a number of submarines of moderate size, such as have been quickly and successfully built in our country since the war. The larger boats of greater cruising radius should follow, but our coast defense needs now a swarm of small submarines, to release our fleet from guarding every port and landing place.

Our defense needs a number of reliable biplanes—but here we can go slowly, as their value does not seem to make a large number imperative.

Before the war one of our greatest weaknesses was the lack of munitions, but, without any care or effort of our own, we are assured of a sufficient supply. The one exception is torpedoes. They are peculiarly delicate things that cannot be made at any munition factory, and we should provide many of these at once.

The above is not a revolutionary or extravagant program, yet it would insure the efficiency of our navy. The increase of the personnel does not seem a very serious problem.

Our second line of defense would be the mines and coast defense guns. A great quantity of mines should be prepared, ready to be placed "in positions previously arranged."

One cause for thankfulness is that we did not thoroughly "fortify" our coasts before this war. We would have had a lot of costly and perfectly useless turrets on our hands. The war has shown fortresses to be of no value. What we need are guns, as many as possible, mounted along our coast, that can be fired at a high angle. One such gun on shore is superior to anything that the enemy ship can bring against it. This war, like every other war, has shown the futility of naval bombardments against guns on shore.

This brings us to our army in the scheme of defense. The feeling against a standing army in this country is well-defined. However, an increase to 150,000 might be obtained, to be organized as follows:

A skeleton army of 150,000 men on a peace footing, each unit to have a war strength of four times its number (i.e., peace strength of a regiment, 800—war strength, 3200.)

A full number of officers to be secured by promotions in the regular army, and junior commissions given to suitable young men from the national guard and instruction camps.

Officers, superfluous in peace strength, to be distributed among the States proportionately. This would give each State staff, and each State unit, a proportion of regular officers.

In addition to the national guard in each State, there should be instruction camps for volunteers. The country would not accept compulsory service; but a sentiment could be created among corporations, employers, &c., that would make them send their young men to such camps. From these young men the war strength of the army would be filled out when needed.

The extra equipment, rifles, guns, machine-guns, etc., above the peace strength of the army, to be gradually acquired and distributed proportionately among the States, for use in instruction, and ready for any emergency.

In this way, in a short time, an army of 600,000 would be ready at call, of which one in every four men would be a seasoned regular, the

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other three all instructed men. Such an army would not be an economic drain on the country, and would be free from the objections that might be raised against conscription or a large regular army.

THOS. G. FROTHINGHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

## NEUTRALITY AND THE SALE OF MUNITIONS

SIR,—As you are doubtless aware, the Organization of American Women, originated in Baltimore, was financed, it is said, by Germans of that city. This organization was formed for one cause only—to prevent England getting munitions of war. The most heartbreaking appeals have been made to women, through the newspapers. Of course, you look with disdain upon such communications, but they were largely instrumental in securing two million signatures. In replying to one such communication, I quoted you, because I considered you an authority. May I ask what was your authority for the "second principle of neutrality" that you named in the leading editorial in the June issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW?

I. M. STUART.

BALTIMORE, MD.

[The principles of neutrality governing the sale of munitions of war to the belligerents were authoritatively enunciated in a letter of the Secretary of State in answer to Senator Stone as early as January of the present year. We quote, for the comfort of our correspondent, the following paragraphs from that official document:

"There is no power in the Executive to prevent the sale of ammunition to the belligerents.

"The duty of a neutral to restrict trade in munitions of war has never been imposed by international law or by municipal statute. It has never been the policy of this Government to prevent the shipment of arms or ammunition into belligerent territory, except in the case of neighboring American Republics, and then only when civil strife prevailed. Even to this extent the belligerents in the present conflict, when they were neutrals, have never, so far as the records disclose, limited the sale of munitions of war. It is only necessary to point to the enormous quantities of arms and ammunitions furnished by manufacturers in Germany to the belligerents in the Russo-Japanese war and in the recent Balkan wars to establish the general recognition of the propriety of the trade by a neutral nation."—EDITOR.]

## MRS. AUSTIN'S PSYCHOGENY OF CHRIST

SIR,—Permit me to congratulate you upon the conclusion of "The Man Jesus," by Mary Austin—hardly as an achievement, but rather as the termination of a melancholy and unhappy piece of business: melancholy, because of its contrast with the work of truly ingenious exegetes like Harnack or the unfortunate and errant Abbé Loisy: unhappy, because of its self-defeating inconsistencies and self-contradictions in such an essential and imperative matter, among others, as the Resurrection.

I dare say, Sir, that in your private capacity as a lay reader you would generously have rescued Mrs. Austin from these inconsistencies and contradictions. In your editorial capacity, of course, you had almost necessarily to allow her to make the best of her way through them. It has

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been a very labored and tortuous way indeed. Somewhere on the journey, not only the divinity, but even the personality of Christ disappeared utterly, until, were it not blasphemous to say it, one must protest that even the succinct Scholastic definition of man as "animal rationalis" barely applies in substantive—let alone adjective—to Mrs. Austin's psychogeny of the Saviour.

Permit me, then, to renew my felicitations, and to offer the respectful suggestion that you spare us the annoyance of feeble assaults upon our orthodoxy until such time as a really worthy critic challenges the field and winds his horn outside our gates.

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY.

THE GRADUATE COLLEGE, PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

## FROM A MINISTERIAL FRIEND

SIR,—I fell in love with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW while a student in college—reading it regularly from the college library table. When about to be graduated I entered my subscription for THE REVIEW, have renewed it regularly ever since, and shall continue to "so long as we both shall live." It is supreme in its particular sphere.

October's issue ranks as the equal of any of the preceding issues. Rear Admiral Fiske's article on "The Mastery of the World" is worth the price of one year's subscription to THE REVIEW. His logic is sound, and thus his arguments are convincing. I am a minister of the gospel and would like to discredit Admiral Fiske's conclusions. I accept them because I must. So much of the literature bearing on the war which comes to my study is idealistic, theoretical and mostly bagatelle. What ground is there to believe that this is "The Last War"? I write merely to express my appreciation of Admiral Fiske's article. Let us have more of such thoughtful, sane, frank statements of the matter.

C. W. KITTO.

YARDLEY, PENN.

## THE PULCHRITUDE OF JOHN BRIGHT

SIR,—May I ask space for a small correction? Whether by the printer's fault or mine, some words have slipped out on page 371 of my article on John Bright in the October issue of THE REVIEW. What I meant to say was that Bright "was a very much better-looking man *in old age* than in middle life." I think the correction worth making.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

LONDON.

[The omission noted by Mr. Russell was due not to any fault of his, but to the innate viciousness of the type.

—EDITOR.]

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ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE

EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,

1877–1889.

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